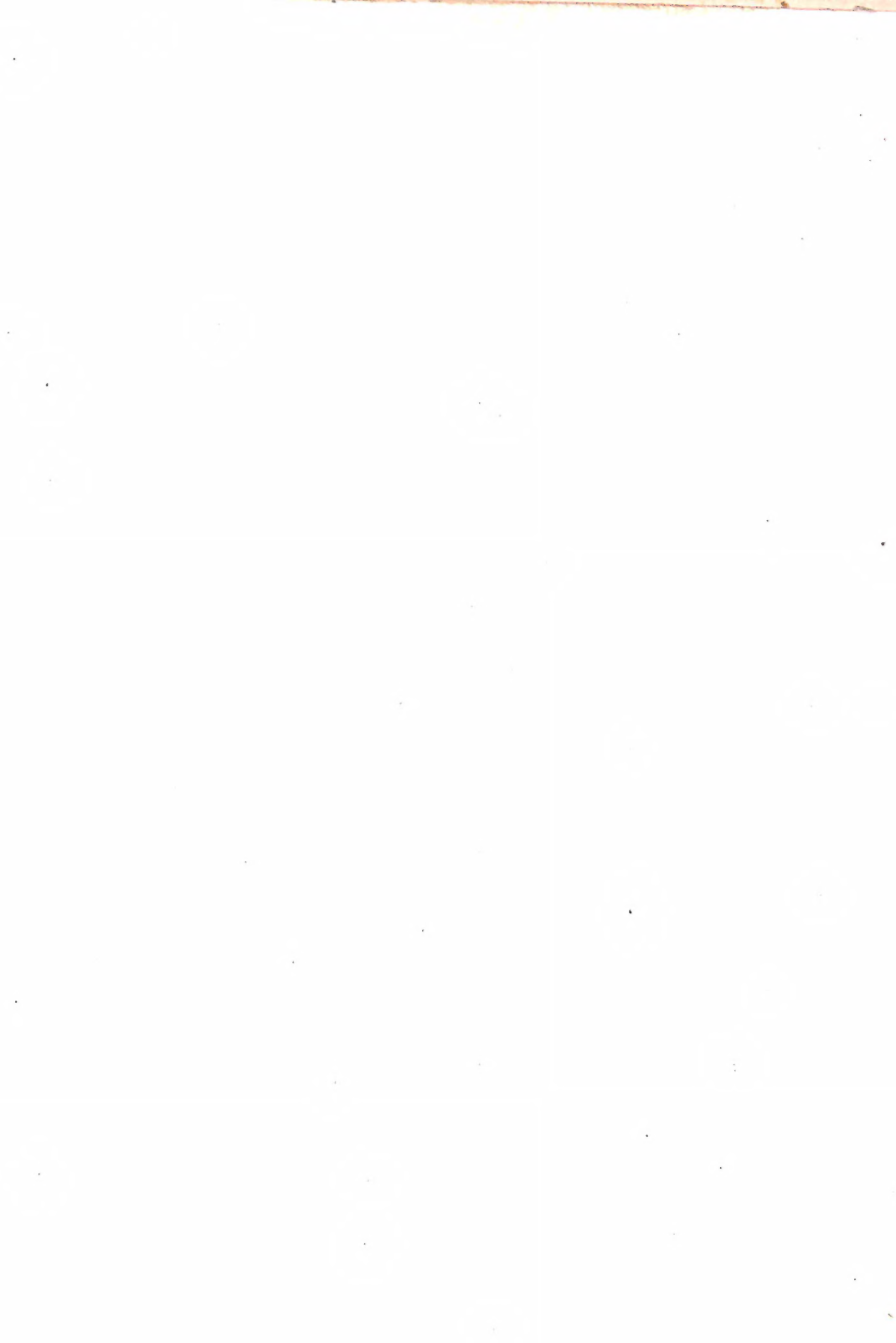


An  
Anthology of  
Modern  
Kashmiri Verse

Trilokinath Raina

This selection of modern Kashmiri poems is the first period anthology of Kashmiri verse in English translation. The author presents an orchestration of different voices to enable other linguistic groups to understand the soul of modern Kashmir, for bridges of song are undoubtedly the best bridges of understanding. The translations preserve the content of the poems as faithfully as possible, while the Kashmiri text is given alongside, in the Roman script, to introduce all readers to the beauty of the subtle and untranslatable nuances of language. The Introduction explains the contribution of the modern poets— the enriching of the content, the introduction of a wide variety of forms as a consequence of an indefatigable search for a new medium and the simplification of the language of poetry. With the discovery of a new Helicon, the poetry of this period of bold experimentation is young and fresh and free from the diseases of opulent old age.



**An Anthology  
of  
Modern Kashmiri Verse  
( 1930-1960 )**

selected and translated by  
**Trilokinath Raina**

with a foreword by  
**Ghulam Mohammad Sadiq**



Published 1972

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To  
the memory of  
my father  
Pandit Shivji Raina



## Foreword

The years between 1930 and 1960 were a period of turbulence and of great national and international importance with changes of a far-reaching consequence taking place all over the world. This period witnessed the rise of the fascist powers, the holocaust of the Second World War and the growth of new tensions consequent upon our stepping into the Nuclear Age. In India, the gathering force of the Freedom Struggle, which had gripped the whole nation, moved on to its climactic phase and ushered in the era of independence. In Kashmir, the feudal regime came to an end. These political changes led to a new awareness, a new awakening, a new urge to question the accepted, orthodox and traditional values in all fields of social activity. There was a socialist urge, a new desire to have a just society. Revolutionary ideas, which the forces of reaction had branded as 'foreign' and 'anti-national', found more and more acceptance with the younger generation who were no longer deferential to taboos. There naturally was a breakdown of what had been regarded as stable moral values.

It is against this background that the literature of this era has to be studied, for each age brings its own art, which reflects not only the living reality but also the changing values and aspirations. During this period, the impact of the progressive movement was seen in all the regional literatures of India. Art had become a vehicle of propaganda for social and political justice. Even the stage was



no longer regarded as a place for providing mere entertainment but a school for political education. The significant writer was the self-conscious artist, i.e., one who regarded socialist realism an all-pervasive literary value.

These three decades may rightly be called, as Prof. Raina has done, the 'formative years of modern Kashmiri poetry', for it is during these years of experiment and transition after well over fifty years of literary somnolence that the modern age in Kashmiri literature was born. The contribution of the pioneers, Mahjoor and Azad, not only in restoring to the Kashmiri language its lost prestige but also in infusing a new lyricism into poetry, was only one of the factors that were changing the milieu for the new writers. The apocalyptic change that came in Kashmir with 1947 led to the new poets setting their sights afresh and the emergence of Nadim as the new leader. The poet became the people's articulate voice against feudal rule, class exploitation, war and the imperialist designs on the valley of Kashmir. While much that was written was of ephemeral value, there is no doubt that it was in this crucible of experiment with new forms and new themes that modern Kashmiri poetry had its new birth.

In spite of the multiplicity of the languages in India, there has always been a basic integrity in our country in the sphere of letters. Literature is a great force for global understanding and goodwill. It helps others to understand the culture of a people. Translations are thus of very great importance in promoting this understanding among various linguistic groups. The need for an anthology of Kashmiri poetry which would acquaint the outside reader with modern trends in our literature was long felt, and I must appreciate Prof. Raina's effort in this direction. In spite of the fact of his being away from the State, he has maintained his contact with contemporary Kashmiri literature. Some of his translations have already been



published in *The Visva Bharati Quarterly*, *Poetry India* and *Poetry East-West*. He has also written on the literary renaissance in Kashmir, and was invited by the Indian P E N to read a paper on 'Kashmiri Poetry since Independence' at the 8th PEN Writers' Conference. He deserves appreciation not only for his excellent translations but also for his judicious selection of the poems and the objective analysis of this period of turmoil and exuberance that he has given in the Introduction.

Srinagar  
August 24, 1971.

Ghulam Mohammad Sadiq



## Preface

Kashmir has always been considered a 'paradise on earth', a land of supernal beauty, lovely handicrafts and eloquent archaeological remains — things ever-increasingly advertised in various tourists' guides. But in our age, when stress is laid on national integration and global understanding, this knowledge would be as insufficient to understand modern Kashmir as that of Persian carpets and the ruins at Persepolis to understand modern Iran. What is of paramount importance is to know the distinctive culture of the people who have been living there for centuries. Unfortunately, no one has addressed himself to this task. Books have appeared on the 'Kashmir problem', but these do not touch even the fringe of the problem of understanding the people. What a busy journalist or a politician may gather during a few days' hurried visit to the valley may be — and often is — an incomplete or a misleading picture, for most people are looking only for material to substantiate their *a priori* assumptions on a few political problems, other vital truths being of no significance to them.

It is my firm belief that there can be no better bridges of understanding than bridges of song. Poetry is the language in which the basic and primal emotions of all mankind inevitably find their expression. Poets of one place derive inspiration from those of other places, however different they may otherwise be — linguistically, culturally, ethnically or geographically — for the Muse

does not recognize any barriers. Poets can both feel and communicate more strongly than others, and a poem is undoubtedly the finest expression of an idea, a conflict, an ecstasy, a grief, a philosophy, a protest, a frustration or a determination. Thus poems written by many poets in the same period are a mighty orchestration of the voices of the age. They express the joys and sorrows, hopes and frustrations, urges and aspirations of the people living in that period.

My desire to help people understand modern Kashmir, instead of considering it merely as a tourists' paradise or a pawn in international politics, impelled me to translate a selection of representative poems written between 1930 and 1960 and present them to the outside world in this anthology. I have chosen these three decades because I consider them to be the formative years of modern Kashmiri poetry. I have endeavoured to explain the great significance of these years of transition in the Introduction. Although this happens to be the first period anthology of Kashmiri poems in English translation, and also perhaps the first of its kind as far as the modern period in any regional literature of India is concerned, it suffers from the inevitable handicap of most translations — for no translation can ever recapture the beauty of the original.

This anthology is a bouquet of various flowers, as I have not confined myself to a particular type of poem or a group of poets. Poems like Zinda Kaul's *Compulsion*, Mahjoor's *The Peasant Girl* and *Freedom*, Arif's *Quatrains*, Nadim's *I will not sing to-day* and *The Bitter and the Sweet*, Roshan's *Spring*, Rahi's *Let's talk of To-day* and Kamil's *The Village Iris* — to name only a few — cannot thematically be put in the same basket. The reader will find in this selection love lyrics, philosophical poems, expressionist poems, patriotic poems, poems on war and peace, satires, monologues, sonnets and gazals. They do indeed articulate



a modern sensibility in the modern idiom, but they are all essentially poems of Kashmir. In spite of the impact of various social and political forces, the emergence of new problems and the introduction of new forms, the basic characteristics of Kashmiri poetry — i.e., its firm roots in the soil, its rhythms, its mellifluousness and, above all, its essentially secular character — have remained unchanged.

I regret that certain poems I would have loved to include had to be left out because of the fact that their beauty is almost entirely textural, and would therefore inevitably fall to pieces in translation. The exclusion of poets like Abdul Ahad Zargar, Samad Meer and Laala Lakhman — whose work I value highly — does make the anthology less than sufficiently representative. But this is essentially an anthology of translations, and I cannot imagine a greater disservice to these poets than presenting a travesty of their poems to the outside world. Also, in the case of a few poems, I have left out those lines which have a beauty of the subtle and untranslatable nuances of language in the original, but would only be a bald repetition of an idea in translation. With these few exceptions, all the poems have been translated in their entirety. I have not selected merely purple patches and fine poetical phrases from a poem, consigning the rest of it to oblivion, nor have I subjected a fine satire to censorship because it may be distasteful to some. My primary object is to introduce the reader not merely to good poetry but also to the modern Kashmiri mind and the poetical climate reflected in the poetry of the times.

The Kashmiri text of each poem is given on the left-hand page and its translation on the page opposite. I consider this necessary for various reasons. Those who know Kashmiri would naturally like to know what exactly has been translated, and how much of the poem left out if the poem has not been translated in full. He might also like



to compare the original with the translation. For the reader who does not understand Kashmiri but is interested in the work done in the various regional literatures of India, the original poem will definitely convey an idea of its rhyme, rhythm, metre, stanzaic structure and verbal melody.

I have used the Roman rather than the Persian or Devanagari script so that the text may be easy to read for everybody. A guide to this script is given after the Preface. In addition, the symbols used for the most important and peculiar Kashmiri sounds are also given in the footnote which will be found, wherever space permits, below the text of the poem on the left-hand page. This might serve as a ready guide.

I would refer the reader interested in knowing something about the Kashmiri language to Sir George Abraham Grierson's monumental work, *A Survey of Indian Languages*. He calls Kashmiri an old and rich language — rich in idiom and in racy humour with subtle nuances. It has received its sap from the soil, as also from the official languages. It has been assimilative. It absorbed a large number of Sanskrit words before the advent of Muslim rule, and even a larger number of Persian words during the Muslim times. Now it is busily absorbing large chunks of the English vocabulary. Incidentally, these words have got naturalized in a way characteristic of very mature languages, in which the conjugation is synthetic. I find it necessary to point it out to correct a likely erroneous impression of Kashmiri being a parvenu language.

I regret that this book couldn't be published before the sad and untimely death of Shri Ghulam Mohammad Sadiq, former Chief Minister of Jammu and Kashmir and President of the Jammu and Kashmir Academy of Art, Culture and Languages, who was kind enough, despite his numerous preoccupations, to go through the manuscript, make

some valuable suggestions and contribute the Foreword. I shall always owe him a debt of gratitude. I am also grateful to Shri Dina Nath Nadim, Mirza Ghulam Hasan Beg Arif, Shri Mohammad Amin Kamil and Shri Moti Lal Saqi for helping me whenever I wanted any information, and to all the other poets whose poems appear in this anthology alongside their translations. Finally, I must thank *Visvabharati Quarterly*, *Poetry India* and *Poetry Eastwest* for giving me permission to reproduce some of the translations that have already appeared in these journals.

Trilokinath Raina



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# A GUIDE TO THE ROMAN ALPHABET USED IN THIS BOOK FOR TRANSLITERATION OF KASHMIRI WORDS

Letter	Pronounced as the sound italicised in the English word	As used in the Kashmiri word	Meaning of the word in English
a	<i>luck</i>	akh	one
aa	<i>father</i>	raat	night
â	<i>pertain</i>	âchh	eye
aâ	<i>bird, murder</i>	aâs	mouth
au	<i>cow</i>	au	yes
e	<i>male</i>	jel	jail
ee	<i>see</i>	teel	oil
ê	<i>met (approx)</i>	trê	three
i	<i>sit</i>	pin	pin
o	<i>go</i>	mol	father
oo	<i>tool</i>	roon	husband
ô	<i>oasis (short sound)</i>	ôn	blind
wo	<i>got (approx)</i>	swon	gold
u	<i>full</i>	kun	alone
û	<i>script</i>	tûr	rag
uû	<i>long û sound</i>	tuûr	cold
ü	<i>vowel sound beginning as u and ending as û</i>	gür	mare
ch	<i>chain</i>	chon	your
chh	<i>same as the Hindi consonant च</i>	pachh	fortnight
d	<i>this</i>	dod	pain
ḍ	<i>do</i>	ḍoon	walnut
ñ	<i>hunt</i>	tsooñth	apple
t	<i>entre, tableau (Fr.)</i>	trê	three
th	<i>thing</i>	tham	pillar
ṭ	<i>till</i>	noṭ	pot

# An Anthology of Modern Kashmiri Verse

Letter	Pronounced as the sound italicised in the English word	As used in the Kashmiri word	Meaning of the word in English
ṭh	same as the Hindi consonant <i>ṭ</i>	vyōṭh	fat
ts	<i>tsar</i> (Russian)	tsam	skin
tsh	aspirate of <i>ts</i>	tshōṭ	short
'a'	short indeterminate sound at the end of a syllable or word	gara	home
'-y'	combining with a consonant preceding it, as in मुय्, सय्, वय्	kuly	trees
Consonants	b, f, g, h, j, k, kh, l, m, n, p, ph, r, s, sh, v, y and z have the same sound as they normally have in English.		

Here is an example of a stanza from Roshan's *Bahaar* transliterated in this way:—

Yuthūy baala pēthy soṇta vaavan tarun hyōt  
 Vāṭith ōbranūy dupṭanūy taah karun hyōt  
 Naban neejaraah neela khenkuk harun hyōt  
 Siree asani lōg doori tēntaali pāty kiny  
 Sangarmaali zan hoori aarak hētin yiny  
 Hyātsun daamanas tal vuzūny joyinūy diny  
 Yi vuchh aaravūy draay thapi thaari laaraan  
 Palav pēthy dwodas zan ti chhwokh aasy khaaraan  
 Dyakas meethy dee dee vanan aabashaaran  
 Panun maārymōt az bahaaraa chhu aamut

No transliteration, however, has been attempted as far as the names of the modern poets are concerned.

Since this anthology is not intended to be read only by linguists, certain departures from orthodox practice in the use of the Roman alphabet may be pardoned. For example, the symbols used by me for the consonants च and छ are *ch* and *chh* respectively, as they are easily understood by the general English knowing Indian reader.

## The Formative Years

The history of Kashmiri poetry begins with the later half of the 14th century, when the mystic poets Lal Dyad and Nundaryòsh gave us our first considerable metrical forms called the *vaakh* and the *shrukh* — both essentially a 4-lined stanza with no rigid rhyme scheme, which Lal Dyad used for communication of her intense mystical experience and Nundaryosh for his moral exhortation. This form died with the mystic poetess, Rwopa Bavaanee, in 1721. The 6 or 8-lined stanza called *pad* evolved from *vaakh* and remained a popular form till the dawn of the 19th century. The new mystic poets like Swochha Kraal, Vahab Khaar, Shamas Faqir and Ahmad Baṭavaaree wrote in stanzas where every fourth line was a refrain. Habba Khaatoon (1551-1606) revived the most exquisite of Kashmiri love lyrics called *vatsun* — a highly musical short poem of 6 — 10 lines, with refrain, assonance and alliteration, end and medial rhyme, liquid consonants and flexible rhythms. This form became very popular and was used successively by Arnyimaal (d. 1800), Mahmood Gaamee (d. 1885), Rasul Meer (d. 1870), Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor, Zinda Kaul and Rahman Rahi — not to mention a whole host of lesser poets.

The nineteenth century saw the growth and influence of Persian language and poetry in Kashmir. Persian, which continued to be the official and court language for over 400 years, acquired the status of the language of culture and considerably influenced and enlarged Kashmiri voca-



bulary. In poetry, quantitative rhythm and metre gradually replaced the indigenous qualitative, i.e., accentual metre. New forms were imported from Persian literature. These included the *gazel*, the *masnavi*, the *naat*, the *marsiya* and the *naama* — all Persian in form, metre and language. This was accompanied by a wholesale borrowing of Persian epithets, figures of speech and themes. Since the writers in this tradition were by and large second-rate poets, their poems betray a remarkable lack of freshness and originality in subject matter, language and poetic diction. It may be said that cultural strangulation was as near completion as possible by the end of the nineteenth century.

Kashmiri poetry existed largely speaking in oral tradition upto 1930. Since the manuscripts of all that was written never saw publication, access to past literature was difficult. With the notable exception of Habba Khaatoon and possibly Arnyimaal, the poet had no direct relationship with the ruling class. On the contrary, he was more intimate with the common man, and often came from the same stock. Those who were from the aristocracy were more attracted by Persian, which by virtue of being the court language was a passport to social recognition. The poet thus wrote largely for an illiterate class. Furthermore, continued tyranny under the Afghan and Sikh rule led to widespread frustration from which only mystical poetry derived any sustenance. In the case of the lesser poets, mysticism became a necessary and fashionable attitude, and they dabbled in mystical symbols without having had any mystical experience. As Firaq points out, if you remove the two themes which the poets had restricted themselves to — i.e., mysticism and love — Kashmiri poetry disappears. A number of *jang naamaas* (war poems) were written, but they were 'more war than poetry'. The only poems that really reached the people were devotional verse in both Hindu and Muslim tradition,

satirical ballads called *ladī shah*, dance songs for women called *rōv*, and songs written only to be set to the popular *chhakree* music.

Literary stagnation thus went hand in hand with political humiliation as a result of continued rule by outsiders. Effete traditions, now grown more than stale, persisted. The worn symbolism of the *gul* and the *bulbul* was used with sickening reiteration in poem after poem, and drained themes were droned in ever the same manner year after year. The Muse fell asleep with the death of Parmanand in 1885, which marks the end of an era of great poets like Mahmood Gaamee and Rasul Meer. One doesn't find anything of merit in the *razmia* or war poems of Muzaffar Shah Kreree, Ghulam Mohammad Hanfi and Neel Kanth Sharma or the *masnavis* of Mohammad Shaabaaan Daar, Mohammad Ismail Naamee and Lasa Khaan (which stand nowhere in comparison with Maqbool Shah Kraalavaari's *Gulrez*, a work of considerable literary merit and popular till this day). The mystical poets who continued with traditional form and content are Ahmad Pare, Ahad Zargar and Samad Meer. With the dawn of the twentieth century, the poet Peer Aziz Ullah Haqani (d. 1928) felt the need to Kashmirize poetic diction, but because of the shackles of old practice, he didn't achieve much. Stereotyped forms like the *ravaani nazam* continued.

Yet all these years Kashmir stood on the threshold of a new era. Various historical and political forces led to the end of the isolation of feudal Kashmir. The building of two cart roads linking the valley with the rest of India made it possible for tourists to come here and young Kashmiris to go outside for higher studies. Contact with progressive forces in India and the powerful impact of the freedom struggle in the country created a new ferment in the minds of the intelligentsia and an awakening in the souls of men. In spite of the best efforts of the Maharaja



to stem the tide, these forces continued to simmer, and socio-political changes were inevitable. At the same time, the sudden switch over from Persian to Urdu as the court language in the beginning of the century ended the dominance of Persian and made the middle classes develop a keen interest in Urdu and English. The publication of *Lalla Vaakh* by Grierson and Brunt in 1920 and of the first Kashmiri dictionary by Grierson in 1924 encouraged some educated young men to devote more attention to their mother tongue and burn with a sense of shame that this language had suffered from neglect for centuries. With the development of a sense of identity and a changed and freer environment, old literary forms and themes needed radical reform.

The pioneers of the new age were Ghulam Ahmed Mahjoor and Abdul Ahad Azad. With them came into Kashmiri poetry a certain morning freshness and imagination, and a sweetness of diction. They freed Kashmiri from heavy Persian influence and discarded old forms like *pad* and *ravaani nazam*. It is ironical that though Mahjoor's poems attained great popularity in the early twenties, he had to be discovered by the poet Tagore, who called him 'the Wordsworth of Kashmiri poetry', before he was accepted by the 'educated class' in Kashmir as an artist and not a mere rustic rhymester. After his initial attempts at writing in Persian and Urdu, he realized that his artistic fulfilment would come only if he wrote in his own mother tongue, which he passionately loved. As a *patwari*, which he remained throughout his life, he had the opportunity of seeing almost every nook and corner of Kashmir and come into intimate contact with the people and know their joys and sorrows. He also saw that the only poetry that had succeeded in enduring was folk poetry and what was written by great masters of the lyric like Habba Khaatoon, Arnyimaal, Mahmood Gaamee and Rasul

Meer, and certainly not what smelt of the lamp and was influenced by or a slavish imitation of the effete mysticism, stylised imagery and stale epithets of decadent Persian poetry. His greatest contribution was to make Kashmiri as a poetic medium more natural and to strive untiringly to popularize it. Abdul Sataar Aasee, who was a coolie poet writing in Persian, started writing in Kashmiri at his insistence in 1942. He had already persuaded Abdul Ahad Azad in 1935 to switch over from Urdu to the neglected mother tongue, and he was delighted to find a kindred spirit in Mirza Ghulam Hasan Beg Arif. It is significant that all the major poets of the modern age, including Zinda Kaul and Nadim, gave up their early devotion to Urdu and Persian and started writing in Kashmiri in the forties. This Kashmir owes to the ceaseless efforts of Mahjoor. 'There are thousands who write in Persian', he said, 'only Kashmiri remains a helpless, neglected language.'

Mahjoor was a lover of life, with his eyes laved in the living hues of nature. He didn't brood over life's impermanence and death. He wasn't a mystic or a recluse. In his early life he wasn't interested in politics. His interest in religion was confined to his belief in the efficacy of *taaveez* (amulets), which he used to write for his *mureeds* upto his death, but his refusal to follow his father's priestly profession was ample evidence of his having a catholic mind which was opposed to bigotry and fanaticism, the unfortunate concomitants of organized religion. As a poet, he moved closer to nature. Reviving the lyrical tradition of Rasul Meer, he enlarged his canvas to include new themes and new rhythms and steeped his poems in the living hues of spring and summer in Kashmir. To the simplicity, softness and music of Habba Khaatoon, Arnyimaal and Gaamee, he added colour, form and beauty. But, like Rasul Meer, he never wrestled with the profound questionings of the human soul. 'His poems', says Zinda



Kaul, 'are like a beautiful lotus in bloom. The depths are unknown to him'. He had an unfailing instinct for the right word, if by the right word we mean the purely musical word. As a matter of fact he resembles Swinburne in more than one way: in him, as in Swinburne, words do sometimes seem to lack the divine necessity of expression; there is a straining after music for its own sake — a weakness (Arif calls it *saarang nawazi* — i.e., 'slavery to music') which one finds in most poets who compose verse mainly for music.

Mahjoor stands as a link between old and new poetry. But for him, we wouldn't be able to understand the modern age in literature. In spite of the rejuvenation of Kashmiri poetry that he was responsible for, he remained to some extent a blend of traditionalism and experiment. His was not the attitude of outright revolt. While he discarded stylised love, foreign symbols, sights and sounds of Arabia and Persia, he retained the symbolism of the *gul* and the *bulbul* throughout his poetical career. Living close to the people, he couldn't escape the impact of popular urges and new values. After his earlier phase, i.e., in about the middle of the thirties, he did realize that the conventional fountains had almost run dry, and that the only thing that would give life and vitality to his verse was a new theme. But whether he became the voice and head priest of the modern age is highly debatable, and this we shall consider when we discuss the developments after 1947.

Abdul Ahad Azad was a poor teacher languishing in a village primary school. He began writing in Urdu in the romantic tradition under the pen name 'Ahad', which he later changed to 'Jaanbaaz' and finally to 'Azad'. These three pseudonyms divide his poetry into three significant periods of his evolution as a poet — the first that of juvenile verse, the second that of love lyrics and the third that of poems of a socio-political content. Under Mahjoor's

influence, whom he met in 1935, he started writing in Kashmiri, but there is no evidence in his poetry of any abiding thematic influence of Mahjoor. Both sought for the rejuvenating waters of the spirit, but Azad felt that a genuine renewing must have its origin in vast moral and social changes and a broadening of the consciousness. After 1931, his literary influences were Iqbal and the progressive writers as far as spirit, forcefulness and technique are concerned. Politically, he remained a Radical Marxist throughout his life. He was strongly affected by political suffering, but was never convinced of the purposefulness of the political movement in Kashmir at that time. He may truly be called the first rebel, a lone forerunner of revolutionary ideas and a poet of deep intellectual conviction. He was the first poet to enlarge his canvas to include new themes like religious fanaticism, social inequality and war and to champion the cause of the modern man and sing of universal brotherhood and peace. He was also a pioneer in exploring Kashmiri language and literature. His valuable work, *Kashmiri Language and Poetry*, written in Urdu, was published posthumously by the J & K Cultural Academy.

Zinda Kaul started writing in Kashmiri only at the age of 58 in 1942. Earlier, he had written in Persian and Urdu. His slender volume of 35 poems, entitled *Sumran*, won him the Sahitya Akademi award for 1956. All these poems belong to his period of maturity and are philosophical and devotional in content. 'His work', says Prof. J .L. Kaul, 'stands between two worlds of poetic imagination: one that has little hold on the present, and the other that borrows little from the past'. Though he wrote at a time when poetic imagination was swept off its feet by the lure of a socialist dream, he always remained outside the ring of political enthusiasm. The kind of social awareness that one finds in *Karunaavi taarakh naa* (Ferry me across!)



has no connection with politics, although some political enthusiasts saw a mythical political bias in the poem. His poems express the doubts and anguish that torment the modern mind, but he does not resolve these by the assertion of any dogmatic philosophy. He is the first poet who has departed from the tradition of stating mystical certitudes to present the eternal conflict between faith and reason and the problem of evil and suffering. Knowledge, which has given us material prosperity, has banished assurance and serenity from our hearts. Love, according to Zinda Kaul, is the only key to happiness, and God is the Hound of Heaven, forever waiting for man to turn to Him:

‘Having strayed, tottered and fallen,  
How dare I face Him again?’

‘But you’ll find it unavailing —  
This lame excuse to fly Him.

‘For even if you turn,  
He will pursue for ever;  
This bond is from the dawn of life,  
Not a passing childish fancy’.

We find the finest expression of his belief in the supremacy of faith over reason in two of his poems, *Majboori-yaah* (Compulsion) and *Naatayaairee* (Unpreparedness).

Zinda Kaul introduced new stanzaic and metrical patterns and is perhaps one of the very few Kashmiri poets who have used the *gazel* form successfully. In most poems his vocabulary is slightly sanskritized. Though, as I have said, he doesn’t belong to the poetical climate of the forties, any review of this period would be incomplete without reference to him, for he remains one of the foremost poets of the twentieth century. Nor can we ignore two other traditionalists in mystical poetry — Samad Meer (1901-1959) and Abdul Ahad Zargar (b. 1903). Both of them

show strong influence of Shamas Faqir. Both are also influenced to a considerable extent by Hindu spiritual discipline. Both use imagery which cannot be called stale. And both are often obscure. Zargar is more romantic than Samad Meer and sometimes uses the symbols and images of horror. His use of *rang* and *shashrang* give evidence of his consummate mastery of the poetic medium.

The year 1931, with the first memorable uprising of the century, marks the dawn of political awakening in Kashmir. In 1938 the National Conference was founded and the people had their first political dream. The new era dawns formally with Mahjoor's poem, *Vwolo haa Baag-vaano* (Come, Gardener!):

Come, gardener! Create the glory of spring! make  
Guls bloom and *bulbuls* sing — create such haunts!

Rank nettles hamper the growth of your roses;  
Weed them out, for look thousands  
Of laughing hyacinths are crowding at the gate!

The 'thousands of laughing hyacinths' are the lower classes, the untapped reservoirs of virgin sensibilities and intact forces and, as Cazamian says, the literature of the future can live only if it continues taking its sap from the people. The kettle drums of the past are but poor music for our troubled times which demand an adequate reply to their 'accelerated grimace'. Thus Mahjoor in the same poem:

Bid good bye to your dulcet strains; to rouse  
This habitat of flowers, create a storm;  
Let thunder rumble — let there be an earthquake!

The great ferment that began in 1938 had its full flowering in 1947, and the impetus came from the invasion of the valley by Pakistan on the 22nd of October. The fall of Baramulla to the raiders from across the border was



perhaps as epoch making in Kashmir as the fall of Constantinople to the whole of Europe. It unleashed a whole fund of spiritual strength and opened new vistas that only yesterday would have seemed impossible. This year marks as complete a break with tradition as it is possible to find in the history of any literature. We must remember that three things happened at the same time: (1) the invasion; (2) the dramatic collapse of feudalism; (3) the formation of a people's government which very soon introduced the promised land reforms of a far-reaching importance. This generated an atmosphere of confidence and triumph and of new dreams and desires which were mostly Utopian. A new fervour gripped a new generation of poets who looked at new horizons and sincerely believed that they were the makers of a new reality.

It would be wrong to say that either Mahjoor or Azad remained the beacons or leading lights. The national poetry that was now born had new dimensions. It was the offspring of political adolescence and marked the beginning of the progressive movement in Kashmiri literature. A new environment threw up a new generation — a generation of city-bred young men, strongly influenced by Marxist thought, the Russian and Chinese revolutions and Indian nationalism. The literary influences that were dominant were progressive Indian and English writers and Russian poetry. These young writers found rhetoric more appealing than imagery. Persian models were now no longer looked up to, for they didn't answer the needs of the period. The socialist movement was the sole aim in life, and their minds were so gripped by this aim that in whatever they wrote, whether it was a story like Nadim's *Rai* (Blight) or a poem like Rahi's *Thahri kati Jaagir-dairee* (How can feudalism survive?), artistic considerations like organic unity were always secondary. Art was for life and social change — it became socialist propaganda.

Unfortunately, as Noor Mohammad Bhat points out, 'the war between affluence and poverty raged more fiercely in the poet's imagination than in reality'. It is difficult in this short review to deal with the plethora of names that one finds swimming into the poetical firmament, but I want to observe that though the bulk of their output may be wanting in refinement, it has abundant vigour and spontaneity. Its being essentially minor verse does not detract from its merit as pioneer work, and it is always the general level of its minor verse that determines the poetical climate of a period. The enriching of the content, the awakening of an intense national consciousness, the broadening of the horizons of the mind and a broad indication of the lines along which the literature of the future was to develop — these are some of the contributions of the writers of this period, and the future was the richer for their service.

In April, 1948 the Kashmir Cultural Front, a voluntary non-governmental organization of all the available artistic talent in Kashmir, published a small booklet entitled *Kashmir, Sing on!* — an anthology of patriotic and marching songs, poems on exploitation, the raid, communalism and other such themes. It is dedicated to 'workers and peasants'. It may be compared to *Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland* (1888), not because it has any mentionable artistic merit but because it is the testament of the will of a people, of a new faith. In October, 1949 this organization, now rechristened the National Cultural Congress, started publication of its monthly organ, *Kwong Posh*. Subsequently the Bazme Adab, which had been formed in 1940 with the aim of preserving old literary values, started publishing its journal, *Gulrez*, but to *Kwong Posh* belongs the distinction of shaping the literary history of Kashmir from 1949 to 1956, the year it stopped publication. Mr. Sadiq, in his presidential address to the National Cultural Congress in 1950, called it an independent people's



organization which was a product of the national movement and had the same aim. 'Literature', he said, 'is a weapon to awaken the people. It is both a representative and an architect of the people's culture, an interpreter of their struggles and aspirations. It will expose imperialist, capitalist and feudal designs on the people's freedom and give leadership and direction to their struggle and fight for world peace'. (*Kwong Posh* — March, 1950). It may be mentioned that the regular feature, *About Ourselves*, emphasised only this aim and never made any mention of literary problems and values. As far as the general level of the verse is concerned, it must be pointed out that the repetition of the new themes and free use of words 'exploiter', 'capitalist', etc. and of the new imagery of fire, storm, thunder, lightning, 'gunpowder in flower beds', mid-winter and spring do give one the impression of its being juvenile.

In this environment, Mahjoor found himself on a new wicket, and a very uneasy one at that. Though he was associated with the progressive group and chief editor of *Kwong Posh* till his death in 1952, he did not, in spite of his best efforts, share the ebullient enthusiasm of the younger generation of poets who hailed the revolution as if the millenium had come. Some of his poems like *Ala Baiyy* (The Plough) are definitely second rate and lack originality of thought, nor do they have the beauty and appeal of his love lyrics. From among his poems with a socio-political content, his satires on the new regime like *Aazaadee* (Freedom), *Poshinoolo* (O Golden Oriole!) and *Sangarmaalan pyav Paraagaash* (Daybreak over the Hills) save him from lapsing into mediocrity. It is in these that he regains his individuality and acquires an incisive phrase which one could hardly have anticipated, considering his essentially sensuous, romantic temperament and his love of the mellifluous language:

They searched her armpits seven times  
To see if she was hiding rice;  
In a basket covered with her shawl  
The peasant's wife brought Freedom home.  
(Azaadee)

Hawks have left your garden,  
And birds are all in song;  
Now if you yourself turn a hawk,  
How futile was this change!  
(Poshinoolo)

Politics was never his forte. To suggest that his exquisite lyric *Greesy Koor* (The Peasant Girl) is an expression of class conflicts is as ridiculous as calling Lal Dyad the first progressive Kashmiri poet, which was actually done in those days of infantile Marxist criticism. Mahjoor's spirit-ed *Vwolo haa Baagvaano* (Come, Gardener!) is already dated and no longer inspires as it did once, for there is a yawning gulf between the Age of Mahjoor and our own day. The latter half of this poem, which is devoted to the glorification of all the famous careerists and military conquerors of Old Kashmir, is a direct contradiction of the first half where the poet speaks of individual freedom and democracy. It would be right to say that Mahjoor had nothing specific to contribute after 1947, and that the Age of Mahjoor ended that year.

The leading poets after 1947 are Nadim, Firaq, Kamil, Arif, Nazki, Rahi, Almast, Premi, Khayal, Muzaffer Azim, Santosh and Reh. Most other poets whose poems were published in various journals have followed in the footsteps of Nadim and Rahi and make no claim to originality. The main poets among the traditionalists are Ariz, Nand Lal Ambardar, Rasa Javidani and Nawaz Ratanpuri.

With the flood tide of verse that was written during this period came experimentation with various forms and



metres. The new forms that were born are free and blank verse, the sonnet, the monologue, the opera, the quatrain and the *tukh*. Various Persian stanzaic patterns like the *mussamat* (of various length) were introduced. Surprisingly, more songs were written for *röv* and *vanavun*.

While these forms were introduced or revived, there are some that died. It is sad that both *ladi shah* and *naamaa*, the traditional forms of satire, disappeared, although the former is still being used by the village bard. But this loss has been compensated by the revival of the *rubaayee* (quatrain), which has infinitely more punch and epigrammatic terseness. The *gazel* has been a definite casualty. This form was first used in Kashmiri poetry by Mahmood Gaamee, and later by Rasul Meer, Maqbool Shah Kraalavaaree, Prakash Bhat, Shamas Faqir and Ahmed Batavaaree, to mention only a few names. Writing a *gazel* became a craze, because it was not only a popular form used by great Persian masters and Urdu poets like Ghalib and others, but also a convenient receptacle for wandering disjointed thoughts which lacked tragically in any centrality. The main *gazel* writers from 1920 to 1947 are Dilsoz, Majeed Meer Islamabadi, Ghulam Ahmad Naaz and Asad Meer. Zinda Kaul, Rasa Javidani, Mahjoor and Azad are perhaps the only poets who used the form successfully during this period. The stress on realism after 1947 led to the rejection of the loose form of *gazel* and the change over to the *musalsal gazal*, i.e., one having a centrality of theme. Mere appeals to the beloved about a hundred assorted things found themselves replaced by social and political problems. The best *gazals* today are those of Nadim, Kamil and Rahi, but this form is no longer considered the 'crown of poetry'.

In the past, paucity of material and absence of complexity of emotion made for a limited canvas. Modern poetry, because of an enlarged canvas, discards the con-

ventionally artificial poetic language and adopts the rhythm of speech. A beautiful poem like Nadim's *Mè chham aash Pagühich* (My Hope of Tomorrow) cannot be put on the *santoor* or *chhakree* in spite of its perfect rhyme and rhythm. It is a music of ideas, not of words. The best poems show a perfect blending of matter and manner. In this category there are other poems like Kamil's *Yaarabaluk Sahar* (Dawn on the River Bank) and Firaq's *Bulbulas Kun* (To the Nightingale), though the latter suffers considerably by its inevitable comparison with Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale*.

The most significant poet of the period is Dina Nath Nadim. In fact it wouldn't be wrong to call this period the Age of Nadim. When the Cultural Congress was formed and *Kwong Posh* started publication, the mantle of leadership fell almost automatically on Nadim, the spirit of the new movement of progressive writers. He joined the Communist Party in 1950, but his revulsion and revolt against the prevailing social order had begun when he was only a school boy. Childhood memories burn deep into a sensitive soul, and the political revolution and the progressive movement were only an answer to his soul's quest and not the cause of his education or conversion. The writers who shaped his personality were the English romantic poets and the moderns, particularly T. S. Eliot; Mayakovsky and Gorky; Josh and Ehsan Danish. His career as a poet is most intimately linked with the political developments in Kashmir from 1946 to the present day. To write about him is to write about the progressive movement in Kashmir. He sang of the dawn of the freedom movement in 1946 in his *Vwothee Baagüch Kukilee*, opposed the Macnaughton Plan in *Dapaan ad karav az*, hailed the land-to-the-tiller resolution in his *Asi Kaashiryav tul nov rut kadam* in 1951, wrote his opera *Bombur ta Yam-*



*burzal* after Sheikh Abdulla's arrest in 1953. That same year brought the beginning of disillusion, which is reflected in his poem *Zindabaad mē haz az chonuy srēh* (1954) as also in Arif's *Soot chhuy tayaar habaa*, which was published in *Gulrez*. When after 1956 the progressive movement disintegrated, not only because it was a spent force with most individuals but also because a new organization came into being with Bakshi Abdul Rashid as its president, a strain of sardonic humour crept into Nadim's poems, as is seen in *Huti nazran dolaan chhee dyaar matyo* and *Radee kaagaz akhbaar kinyiv* (1957).

His exploitation of the resources of the Kashmiri language is remarkable. He not only shows unerring command of the vast word hoard, but also demonstrates that the language of everyday speech is as rich and flexible a poetic medium as any and doesn't need to deck itself in borrowed robes. Using poetry as the vehicle of propaganda, he infused it with a vigour and masculinity it had never known before. He made use of rhyme, rhetoric and effective repetition to awaken the sensibilities of men to the dangers of war, imperialism and capitalism. In fact, during this period he hardly ever wrote a single poem without a direct political bias. His *Bū Gyavana Az* (I will not sing today) may be said to be the manifesto of the new movement:

I will not sing today  
I will not sing  
Of roses and of bulbuls  
Of irises and hyacinths  
I will not sing  
Those drunken and ravishing  
Dulcet and sleepy-eyed songs  
No more such songs for me!  
I will not sing those songs today.

He introduced the rhythm of speech, as in the superbly constructed and restrained *Mè chham aash Pagühüch* (My Hope of Tomorrow), or of popular songs and hawkers' cries, as in *Dal Haanzni hònd Vatsun* (The Song of the Boatwoman) :

I've brought them fresh from the lake —  
Come buy! come buy! come buy!  
Small brinjals and round big gourds —  
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

Fresh radish gleaming in the shade of the weeds,  
Marsh turnip blushing like a belle —  
O my boat is like the flowering dawn!  
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

The most distinctive feature of Nadim's style is his impeccable use of words and his startlingly original imagery woven with the warp and weft of everyday Kashmiri life, thought and custom. Some of these images may appear far-fetched, but they convey the meaning most beautifully, as for example in *Son Vatan* (Our Motherland), where he compares his motherland to a long absent uncle arriving from the village with a gift of apples. One also sometimes gets the feeling that the similes which almost choke his lines are not used out of a compulsive necessity to elucidate the meaning, and this is a weakness that one finds in many other younger poets whose thought and expression have been fertilized by Nadim.

Nadim began his experiments in free verse early, though he retained rhyme which with him hardly ever proved a handicap. *Suba gāuhee* (Morning), a beautiful description of daybreak, is in blank verse. Incidentally, this poem along with *Aadanuk Posh* (The First Flower), *Tsyatas chhuyi* (Do you remember?) and his very success-



ful *gazals* marks the beginning of his latest phase and departure from his total commitment to propagandist and tendentious poetry. The title of the first poem in this phase, *Naabad ta Tyathavyan* (The Bitter and the Sweet), translated literally, means 'candy and wormseed', and these two words are used as symbols for the ecstasy and agony of extra-marital sexual love. Certain images and references are private (though not personal) and therefore lead to obscurity. The emotional sequence is in three phases — passionate craving, consummation and the aftermath. The poem is dominated by erotic symbols, like the sandalwood tree, *vyoog*, Sheshnag, the hooded snakes, Brahma, the lotus and the cypress. There is repeated reference to pregnancy, as in 'the big and bulging chenar', 'the manger-born child' and 'the jessamine bulging in the middle'. The expressions 'blushing' and being 'red to the lobes of the ears' suggest a sense of guilt as well as the ecstasy of remembered bliss. The only image that suggests rape is that of the monal leaping into the glen. *Kaathy Darvaaza pyatha Gara taam* (From Kaathy Darvaaza to Home), *Zaliry Zaajy* (Spider Webs), *Raatiky Trè Pahar* (Three watches of the Night), *Tsor Vakh* (Four Moments) and *Haarysaat* (Incidents) also belong to this period of maturity.

Nadim has introduced the sonnet, both in the Petrarchan and Shakespearean forms, and has written a few operas, the first being *Bombur ta Yambirzal* (The Bumble bee and the Narcissus), which contains some delightful songs. He established the fact that propagandist literature need not necessarily be second rate. His politics are so vital and inseparable a part of his personality that they rather enrich than impoverish his poetry, though his efforts sometimes fall short of the fusion of his complex experience as poet and man into an artistic whole. One of his most forceful

poems, *Aman Apeeli pyaṭh Daskhat* (Signature on the Peace Appeal) could very well do without the seventh and eighth stanzas which mar its organic unity.

The influence of Nadim is evident in the work of many poets, some of whom have borrowed not only his ideas but also his very images. Abdul Rahman Rahi's early work is seen clearly bearing Nadim's impression. He made his debut in the early fifties with the publication of a few propagandist poems which were rich in promise, giving evidence of his skill in handling various stanzaic patterns and the *gazel*. But at the same time one notices how uneasy the artist in him was grafting revolutionary exhortation on sensuous passages — an uneasiness he fortunately overcame quite early with his discovery of the monologue which he introduced into Kashmiri poetry. In *Gaṭa ta Gaash* (Darkness and Light) the dispossessed *jagirdar* and the now happy peasant speak alternately. He published his poems under the title *Novroz Sabaa*, and this collection revealed a careful artist, maturing both in thought and expression.

As in Nadim, his imagery is fresh and original and drawn from everyday proletarian life. His forte, however, is the evocation of an atmosphere through significant details and images — the symbolist technique. In *Zindagee* (Life) he evokes both the anguish and joy of existence through two pictures — the first that of a mother watching her son being arrested at midnight, and the second that of an expectant mother watching the joyous atmosphere of a school at closing time:

Four o'clock. The sun's face is flushed.  
In the school at Maarbal the peon,  
Swinging his arms lustily, strikes the bell.

Life in the class rooms wakes up with a yawn,  
Like a flower shrub shrunk and limp with the  
sun's heat  
Suddenly finding the shade of a cloud.  
The teachers give the boys home tasks, and leave.  
Two class mates decide to play under the chenars  
Like a couple of pigeons resolving to soar in the sky.  
The school ground raises a merry din,  
seeing children at play  
Like birds flying down from their nests into the  
garden,  
Like buds appearing in profusion on a tender bough,  
Some running strapping satchels, some swinging  
slates,  
Some like quicksilver, some bounding like the deer.  
The peon swings open the outer gate  
And the entire market bubbles with life.  
The gram vendor's stock is gone in a flash  
The beansman hawks his wares.

*Path agar yiyihe ti motas va'ary* (Then if Death were to come) is the monologue of an old woman with an unquenchable love of life but with no illusions about the hereafter:

O heart! O foolish heart! Ungovernable!  
Knock at the door of my youth! Call him back!  
I would wash the dark robe of the night,  
Send brocade for the sun to wear  
And plumes for his head,  
Play many a lilting tune while drifting on the lake,  
Water the only convolvulus in my yard.  
Then if death were to come, he wouldn't gather  
much —  
And I don't care if they close all the gates of  
paradise!



His poem *Äzieh Kath* (Let's talk about Today) stands above the rest with its superb construction and imagery. Without recanting his political faith, he argues that if the fabric of our socialist dreams has to have a reality, we must start with the reorganization of our present existence. Otherwise it will only be 'vacant shuttles weaving the wind':

When the moon comes up with borrowed sheen  
The impatient cry, 'It's the midday sun!'  
Flowers in a vase delude the fool  
To feel that the garden is in bloom.  
The fowl flies to perch on the low mud wall,  
And thinks he has flown over lands and seas.  
Promise of gold bracelets dulls one's ears  
To the clanking of chains in one's own feet.

In his recent work Rahi has moved on to a contemplation of the fundamental problems of existence and of the role of religion, politics and philosophy throughout man's history. Poignancy of the memory of a dead love forms the theme of *Dahi Vühüry* (After Ten Years). *Rêh ta Raks* (The Flame and the Dance) has epigrammatic terseness and *Pay chhu Zulmaata vuzaan* (Out of Darkness comes Light) is an experiment in symbolism. One notices a certain growing preoccupation with the theme of death and the evanescence of life.

Mirza Ghulam Hasan Beg Arif is one who stands outside the ring, being by training and temperament a scientist who loves and is capable of detachment and would rather belong to an intellectual minority, and assess and criticise if necessary, than follow the beaten track. He has been one of the foremost figures in the field of Kashmiri letters for a quarter of a century. A man of rugged originality and sincerity, he has been associated with various literary and cultural activities ranging from the search

for a script to the publication of literary journals. Though he founded the *Bazme Adab* as early as 1940 and organised a number of *mushairas*, his aim was not to found a school but to give Kashmiri language and literature the status it had been denied. His literary influences were Iqbal, Ghalib, Chakbast, Hasrat Mohani, Josh, Faiz and Munshi Prem Chand. But he has never liked love poetry — in fact, he doesn't consider love a subject fit for poetry at all. He has written on almost every other subject and reflected the different facets of social and political life in Kashmir. His mystical poems, however, fail to convince the reader about the intensity and depth of the spiritual experience.

Although he has been a prolific writer, he has not published much. *Dusa* (The Shawl), a poem on the exploitation of the shawl weavers, is quite forceful, and so are *Baanahaj Baal* (The Banihal Mountain), which describes the sufferings of coolies crossing over the mountain snows, and *Zanaanan hōnd Ehtejaaj*, a plea for the emancipation of women. But Arif is a satirist *par excellence*, and his special medium, like that of the other distinguished satirist of our time, Mir Ghulam Rasul Nazki, is the *rubaayee* (quatrain) which he uses with excellent effect. He has throughout remained the watch dog of the revolution, as the following quatrains will show:

The rich man called him scum and fed him on  
his crumbs;  
The political juggler called him king  
and robbed him even of his rags.

The poor have for ages seen  
The changing make-up of the knaves.

Political friendship is a paper boat,  
Fit bed only for the foolish word.  
If you would fare forward, beware  
The wave of time and the wind of self interest.

Satan arranged a jolly fete —  
The crowds were huge, though the fees were high.  
Intellect is now clean of the rust of honesty,  
And religion is now an ace of trumps.

Apart from his quatrains, his best and most popular poems are *Guna hyath gur gom aabas*, *Mözreny*, *Magar Kaaravaan son pakaan gav* and *Gaŋi manz phata yaa rata nooraanas*.

Mohammad Amin Kamil's *Mas Malur* (Flask of Wine) was published in 1955. He has successfully experimented with different metres and forms, from the strident rhythm of *Aalyuk Poshinool* (The Oriole in his Nest) to the nine-lined stanza of *Vakh chhu Vuchh* (Now is the Time). His poems show a true poetic sensibility, though some of them are marred when, as in *Gul-i-Laala* (The Tulip) the revolutionary suddenly wakes up and takes the platform to say a thing or two. His *Gaama Masval* (The Village Iris) recalls Mahjoor's celebrated *Greesy Koor* and is frankly derivative, but Kamil introduces a note of modern sensibility and feminism when comparing the peasant girl to a respectable middle class lady. Mahjoor makes the comparison thus:

What gulfs between you and high-born dames!  
You are the soul of freedom and flowers  
And the dames languish in shuttered prisons.

And Kamil:

Others there are whose life's current stopped  
flowing long ago -  
Languishing veiled in mansions, with life  
anaesthetised;  
For these poor pallid moons, youth comes as a  
misfortune,  
A cloud that brings death.



They have ever lived gagged by conventional  
demureness,  
Lulled nightly to slumber by fairy tales of chastity,—  
Moth-eaten, mildewed, like an old account book,  
Like a story long forgotten, like spent lightning.

Kamil tried his hand at unrhymed verse in *Dal Toofaan* (Storm in the Dal Lake), an allegory of the relentless struggle of life without the opium of a hereafter. His *Nyatha nāny Maane* (Naked Thoughts), like Rahi's *Rēh ta Raks*, is epigrammatic and, among other things, touches upon the poet's eternal wrestle with an inadequate medium:

The brocade of words is not to be had,  
And naked thoughts just waste away.

Terseness of expression is also evident in his other poems like *Doori prazlyav taarukhaa* (A distant star shone bright) and *Tsū ta Bū* (You and I). These poems mark a total departure from his earlier facile technique. It may be said that he discovered his poetic medium only after 1960. A poem with him now is a music of ideas, an orchestration of articulated thoughts, half suggestions and overtones. His publications, *Lava ta Prava* (1965) and *Bēyi suy Paan* (1967) firmly establish him as one of the three most significant poets of the modern times.

The accent on realistic art or people's poetry is best seen in the poems of Dina Nath Wali Almast. His *Baala Yapaari* (This side of the Mountain) appeared in the same year as Kamil's *Mas Malūr*. Essentially a painter, Almast makes no claim to breaking new ground in form and metre. His *gazals*, like those of Rasa Javidani, have only a certain degree of virtuosity. The title poem *Baala Yapaari* and its sequel, *Baala Apaari* (Across the Mountain) describe the plight of a wage labourer crippled by disease and reduced to begging in the hot plains while his impecunious wife

and children are waiting for his return home. There are other poems — on themes like the Hindu widow (*Vyadvaah*), women gathering cowdung and water weeds (*Khūry Haañzany*), a girl abducted by the raiders and sold into a Pakistani brothel and so on. Many other poets also have written on the proletarian Eve. Fazil had written earlier two excellent lyrics, *Kraala Koor* (The Potter's Daughter) and *Pahāly Koor* (The Shepherd Girl) in the manner of Mahjoor's *Greesy Koor*. Bahaar wrote *Gaāry Haañzany* (The Water nut Seller), Nadim, *Dal Haañzni hōnd Vatsun* and Premi, *Tūyi* (The Yarn). These are all, except for Fazil's two poems, reminiscent of Hood's *The Song of the Shirt*. Indeed it became a fashion to write on some working class woman or other. It would seem that each daughter of the soil can now boast of more than one poem composed on her.

Ghulam Nabi Firaq began as a member of the National Cultural Congress. In his earlier days he believed in communism and was in the vanguard of the progressive movement. His poetry shows a deep influence of the Urdu progressive and English romantic poets. He has enriched Kashmiri poetry with his numerous translations of English poems. In 1956, with the disintegration of the progressive movement, he joined the Kashmir Cultural Centre. Ever since he has been mainly writing poems describing the beauty of nature.

Fazil has written some delightful poems like *Kraala Koor*, *Pahāly Koor* and *Chana rōs pyaala gom khaāliye*. They are essentially songs and do not have much depth. His description of nature has only a photographic interest. There is no aim at interpretation, nor can we say that he has essentially an ideology, a point of view or any ground whatsoever to stand on.

The note of disillusion was struck early by Noor Moham-

mad Roshan in his *Shaheed sunz Maaj* (The Martyr's Mother) as he felt that the revolution had been betrayed:

While there was many a mile to go  
And the road still wet with the martyrs' blood  
They rested, using old laws as pillows.  
They forgot the distant goal,  
The motherland caught in the whirlpool,  
And turned their back on the caravan.  
With painted grief they've come today,  
Offering flowers — not to salute you, my son,  
But to show how great they are!

But it is only in his poem *Bahaar* (Spring) that he may be said to be really calling on the Muse. This poem, describing the advent of spring in Kashmir, vibrates with the joy of life:

When the spring breeze crossed over the mountain,  
The clouds packed up their dull grey shawls;  
The sky turned blue as a sapphire;  
The sun laughed from behind the distant peaks;  
The mountain snow perspired like a bashful  
nymph in confusion,  
Giving birth under her mantle to infant rills.  
Beholding this, streams leapt wildly forth,  
Bounding over rocks like churned, foaming milk,  
And kissing on the forehead the waterfalls,  
They cried, 'Our darling spring has come!'

Roshan's last medium was the *tukh*, a form of the *rubaaayee*. I say 'last' because he has not written anything for a decade now.

It is difficult at this early stage to judge whether most poets with the exception of Nadim and Roshan recanted their socialist faith or merely felt that the raising of political slogans in poetry was only juvenile and inartistic.



However, with the end of the period of turmoil and exuberance in 1960, the poet came to the painful realization that he was not, as he had imagined himself to be, an integral part of society. The cleavage between him and the environment and the wobbling of the ideals which had seemed steadfast, made the sixties a period of spiritual unrest. Many old voices became silent. Only a few of them, i.e., Nadim, Rahi, Firaq and Kamil, in whom the creative urge burned bright, remained.

Among the recent poets whose mature work is really not covered by this period, are Ghulam Nabi Khayal, Vasudev Reh, Muzaffar Azim, Ghulam Rasool Santosh, Chaman Lal Chaman, Sajood Sailani and Moti Lal Saqi. Reh's *Shabgard*, Khayal's *Zanjoori hōnd Saaz* (which was written in jail), Muzaffar Azim's *Zolaana*, Sailani's *Shēhjaar* and Saqi's *Mōdury Khaab* are recent publications. The most original of these poets is Santosh, who is also the most distinguished modern painter. His work is suffused with a spirituality. His use of Shaivite symbols and his auditory imagination are remarkable. He has written a few sonnets, but his best poems so far are *Vyas myāuny Noorah* and *Raat*.

I must also mention a poet whose inspiration does not smell of the lamp or recall the political platform. Laala Lakhyman, the people's poet who died recently, was a village postman. In language which is far from sophisticated he has painted delightful vignettes of rural life caught between conservatism and change. The comic situations produced by the impact of modern civilization on amused and mildly recalcitrant villagers form the subject of his poems. His laughter does not always have a satiric ring; he sees it as the spice of life — a factor which has made his *Laala Lakhyman Shakdaare Draav* and other poems very popular.

To sum up, the contribution of the poets who have written during the period under review has been the enriching of the content of Kashmiri poetry with the inclusion of an intense national consciousness and social awareness, the introduction of a wide variety of forms and metres as a consequence of an indefatigable search for a new medium and the simplification of the language of poetry, which is now more akin to the spoken language. Since 1955, when revolutionary ardour was more or less spent and disillusion had seeped in, the major poets have been seeking to articulate a complex sensibility and experimenting with expressionism. The first shot was again fired by Nadim with his *Naabad ta Tyathavyan* (The Bitter and the Sweet) in 1960. One finds the poets engaged now in a search for a new idiom and a reaction against their own earlier facile technique. But because of the discovery of a new Helicon, the poetry of this period of bold experimentation is by and large young and fresh and does not suffer from any of the diseases of opulent old age.

Trilokinath Raina

# Poems





## ZINDA KAUL

1884-1965

Born at Madanyar in Srinagar. Had his early education in *makhtabs* (private schools). Showed great proficiency in learning Persian. Admitted in the Govt. Middle School but had soon to discontinue his studies (at the age of 13) to be apprenticed to a photographer. Later, joined the C M S School and passed the Matriculation examination in 1902. Was appointed teacher in the Hindu High School in 1903, where he taught till 1922. Passed the B A examination in 1915 as a private candidate. Considered an ideal teacher and held in great respect and affectionately called 'Masterji' throughout his life. Worked from 1922 to 1940 as an assistant in the Department of Archaeology, as a translator in the Publicity Department and finally as a teacher in the Vasanta Girls' School. His first poetical attempts were in Persian. Later, wrote in Urdu and Hindi. Published his collection of Hindi poems, *Patar Pushp*, in 1940. His Persian and Urdu poems were published under the title *Diwan-i-Saabit* in 1966. Started writing in Kashmiri in 1942. *Sumran*, his collected Kashmiri poems, was published by Laala Rookh Publications in 1955. Won the Sahitya Akademi award in 1956. Compiled, translated, edited and published the poetical works of Parmanand in 1941-42.

# SUMRAN

Sumran panüny ditsaānam loluk nishaana vèsiye  
Rātshūrun tógum na rovum, osum na baana vèsiye

Path kaali chhum na dyutmut swon mwokhta daana vèsiye  
Any saari kyaah labakh vwony tim mwokhta daana vèsiye

Vaālinji manz thavun gōtsh, haavun thōvum athas pyāth  
Raah kas chhu kōr mē paanas nwoksaan paana vèsiye

Haavun chhu raavaraavun, chaavuk samar chhu khaamee  
Thaavaan chhi chhaava baapath baanan zi thaana vèsiye

Yana suy nishaana rovum tana mātš gamūts ta phalavaa  
Nyun hyōn na kēnh ti pheraan chhas vaana vaana vèsiye

Yātsh patsh ma haar, byaakhaa hyath yoory vaati

Tas chhaa kāmee nishaanan, bāry bāry khazaana vèsiye  
kaantshaa

Dolan kōhan vanan manz, sholan chhi gulshanan manz,  
Žotan chhi taarakan manz kaātyaah nishaana vèsiye

ā : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	é : met
o : go	ō : oasis	û : script	uû : long <i>û</i>
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य		tsh : aspirate of ts	



## THE ROSARY

'He'd given me his rosary  
As a token of His love;  
But careless, undeserving,  
I lost this precious gift.

'Not having shared in all my births  
Gold and pearl with others,  
What avails my groping now  
For the pearls that I have lost?

'What I should have treasured  
In the temple of my heart,  
I displayed on my hand  
In childish ostentation.

'Impetuosity's fruit is imperfection;  
What is displayed is surely lost;  
That's why the pot is lidded fast  
To cook anything at all.

'Ever since I lost this gift,  
I've roamed about distracted;  
I move from shop to shop,  
But I know not what to buy'.

'Lose neither hope nor faith!  
A new sign is on its way,  
For in His royal treasures  
There is no dearth of tokens.

'They abound in every forest,  
Lie ungathered on the mountain,  
They blaze in every garden  
And twinkle in the stars.'

Vyasarith, dālith, pathar pyath buth kyaah dimav  
tāmis nish  
Path pheranūky pakaan chhaa yithy hiv bahaana vēsiye  
Maanav zi āsy hyamav path, chhoryaa tasund mōhabath  
Payvand yi aadanuk chhaa shury dostaana vēsiye  
Dil phuṭymūtyan su toshan, yats gārymūtyan chhu roshan  
Gatsh vārymūtyan Swodaaman prūṭsh gaāybaana vēsiye  
Andy pākhy tatee chhu aasan bwoda bror Soordasun  
Bozaan chhu maay laāgith lolūky taraana vēsiye

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'Having strayed, tottered and fallen,  
How dare I face Him again?'  
'But you'll find it unavailing —  
This lame excuse to fly Him!

'For even if you turn,  
He will pursue for ever;  
This bond is from the dawn of life,  
Not a passing, childish fancy.

'He does not like those who use  
Reason's nimble fingers,  
But Sudama will tell you that He hugs  
The broken, penitent heart.

'He is always by your side,  
He has always been there,—  
The child listening to Surdas  
Singing of His love.'

Sudama — Krishna's childhood friend who, driven by dire poverty,  
visits him in his palace at Dwarka.  
child — Krishna, disguised as a child.



## NAATAYAAREE

Myaani khwota yus baraan me yatsh ta lol  
Aash tay gaash osh tay sarkaar myon  
Kaanchhivun me tshaaravun tay gaaravun  
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Tāmy dōpum kēnh kaal yath deshas andar  
Yath makaanas roz myāanee vath vuchhaan  
Dooryaras manz vaari phwolanay lola posh  
Aāzi hamsaayan hakan tim baāgraan  
Taar chon ada zaana bū tay kaar myon  
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Yath kulis sag dikh zameenas vaati srēh  
Lol yēmy yas kaānsi bōr tāmy bōr dayas  
Lol tāsy nish draav tāsy vaataan tswopaāry  
Gaātalyav yee zon yim vaātith payas  
Yee chhu loluk raaz yee israar myon  
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Khat patūr sozaan chhum yōt kaala vaāsh  
Kaagzan hōnd rang byōn byōn beshumaar  
Posha margaah, bōḍ saraah, taarakh nabaah  
Nādiyaah yath Āhrabal hyoo aabshaar  
Poshincolah, pompuraah, yambürzalaah,  
Khinda karavūny harna jooryaah sheerkhaar  
Maārymōndaah, swondaraah, bōḍ gaātulaah  
Pōz phakeeraah naphsa tworgas shaahsavaar  
Kēnh na aāsith yus dapaan samsaar myon  
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Pātymi pāhray trov yēli pōt zoonyi gaah  
Mushk poshav tshōṭ sapun khwoshboy vaav  
Poshinoolan naala dyut vanhaari bool  
Saaz aakaashuk ta aaruk aavalyaav  
Vyoor hyath lōt lōt pakaan sworguk havaa

## UNPREPAREDNESS

My hope and light, my lord and master —  
Desiring, seeking, waiting for me  
From eternity;  
Before whose love and care  
My self-love pales into nothingness —

Gave me this home in this land  
And said, 'Wait here for me,  
And when blossoms of love  
Bloom bright in separation,  
Give them to your neighbours.

'If you water a plant, the earth is moist;  
Your love for man, thus, reaches me,  
For love which flows from me alone  
Flows back to me from everywhere.  
This is love's secret and my command.  
The wise know this and are blessed.'

He sends me letters every day  
In myriad-coloured envelopes;  
Meadow, lake and starry sky,  
River, thundering waterfall,  
Butterfly and oriole and narcissus,  
A frisking pair of young fawns,  
A beau, a belle, a wise man,  
A true saint in full control  
Of the fiery steed of desire,  
Who having nothing, still does claim  
The world as his dominion.

When before dawn the late moon shone bright,  
Flowers unbuttoned their fragrance  
And the air was heavy with scent,  
The golden oriole sang and the wild mynah,  
Aerial music vied with the stream's orchestration,  
Breezes from heaven stole softly in, laden with pollen;

Tyuth samaan saanpun me dop suy yoory aav  
 Saala rostuy aav baalay yaar myon  
 Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon  
 Mandachheyas yats gumav suuty gaam shraan  
 Tshwond tshyap dima haa natay gatsha haa marith  
 Deshimay yemi haala man maa hundaryas  
 Buy varish beyi rozahaa dooryar zarith  
 Nanz, vastur, paan taamat chhum na saaph  
 Sanz kenh poozaayi hond maa chhum karith  
 Yim na baaguryumuty me lookan lola posh  
 Maala karahakh, tim vuchhim pemuty harith  
 Shroots jaayaah chham na vathraavas kate  
 Gardi tay garaveṭha suuty aamut barith  
 Baana kuṭh gomut chhu ṭhokurdvaar myon  
 Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon  
 Yodvay nay lolas chhi tas gaamuty phuṭal  
 Saala rostuy saani yun zaanun chhu aar  
 Yuth samaan aakhur nanyav khat os byaakh  
 Paana kot yiyihe me zaanyith naatayaar  
 Sharam rachhavun myon pardaydaar myon  
 Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon.

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Such was the enchantment in the air  
That I thought He had arrived —  
My first and only love, not waiting for my call.

Ashamed, bathed in perspiration,  
I wished I could hide or even die;  
Better that I should bear separation  
Than He grow cold to see me thus,  
With body, dress and house unclean,  
With no flowers for His garland.  
Then I remembered the flowers  
That I should have given my neighbours,  
But, alas! neglected, they had withered.  
And where could I seat my love?  
Full of dust and household goods,  
My temple was a lumber room.

But I soon realized  
Though His love is as the sea,  
And He could come whenever He chose,  
This enchantment was yet one more  
Of His strange messages;  
For how could He come, my lord and master,  
Knowing that I was unprepared?

## MAJBOORIYAAH

Vadihe manush chëyihe na ôsh  
Vadanas vuchhun taaseer kyaah  
Haârith âchhyav kiny khoon kyaah  
Chhaävith palan suuty heer kyaah  
Boozith zi bozaan chhum na kaañh  
Fariyaad karanûch zeer kyaah  
Laâyith nabas yim teer kyaah

Majbooriyaah, laachaâriyaah

Môr aana aanay chhus maran  
Bwochhi tuûri treshe povmut  
Daadyav, khuryav, baâtsav, shuryav  
Phikrav, gamav hóbromut  
Yim gam tsâlith háty haavsan  
Môtsrovmut, vyasrovmut  
Kunyi pyaṭh khyavaan thak chhus na dil  
Kath taany kun chhus hovmut  
Rut ḍeshanay, rut zaananay  
Tshaaraan chhu kyaaktaany rovmut  
Mas nyëndri manz chhukh chovmut  
Nafsûch ta shokûch khaâriyaah

Kartaany, kâmytaamat bonaa  
Pôt tshaayi doore ḍyooṭhmut  
Saanyav kanav tee boozmut  
Saânis dilas tee byooṭhmut  
Tâmysund chhu âsy dooryar zârith  
Suy monmut chhukh rooṭhmut  
Goshan gupith zan byooṭhmut  
Lolas chhi bâly bemaâriyaah

Yémy doori roozith tsoori zan  
Phambaah lâdith thôvmut kanan  
Zaañh chhaa prûtshaan ahvaal son  
Zaañh chhaa sworaan zaañh chha vanan  
Yim kaala gaṭi me traâvmûty

## COMPULSION

I could weep floods, and not drink  
The salt of my own tears;  
But what avails my bootless grief,  
Even if blood streams from my eyes  
And I dash my head on callous stones?  
I know my cries fall on deaf ears,  
Then what urge, deathless, makes me complain,  
And aim vain shafts at the sullen sky?  
What compulsion! What helplessness!

Man's life is one protracted process of dying.  
Harassed by hunger, thirst and cold; beset  
By trouble; afflicted with disease; benumbed  
With worry, grief and the sordid business of living;  
And, when these release their grip,  
Assailed, maddened, enfeebled by desire,  
His mind failing to rest on any object,  
Driven from distraction to distraction,  
Haunted by something he knows not what!  
Having neither seen nor known the Good, seeking  
For something lost, like one made drunk in sleep!  
What affliction of flesh and longing!

Someone, sometime, somewhere  
Has caught, as we are told, here below  
A distant shadowy glimpse of His beauteous form.  
Since this our hearts cannot dismiss as fiction,  
We cannot bear the cruel distance that separates, —  
For in great displeasure He sulks apart,  
Hidden in retreats unknown to man.  
Fond love's quest is ever futile!

He who lives so far away, in hiding as it were,  
Plugging His ears with cotton wool,  
Does He ever think of us? Does He ever care?  
Does He ever ask, 'What has befallen  
The unfortunate souls I cast in utter darkness



Laågith chhamban chhaaran vanan  
Amaa timan gāyi kyaah vanan  
Husnas na kaañh gamkhaāriyaah

Dapahav āmis yas ratsh na srēh  
Tām̐sūnz diyee phal veer kyaah  
Vyōd maa ti chhuy maa pay pataah  
Labanuk karakh tadbeer kyaah  
Dil chhus na maanaan path atsun  
Vaavas karav zanjeer kyaah  
Tas te vūchhav takseer kyaah  
Chhaa lol yaraftaāriyaah

Panunuy kanan manz chhus sadaa  
Chhus naapha paanas manz khāṭith  
Laaraan chhi amaa roosykāṭ  
Parbat ta van traāvith tsāṭith  
Laaraan tithay paāṭhyan chhu dil  
Atha khor traāvith āchh vāṭith  
Mushkaah yivaan chhus yaara sund  
Lāmy lāmy kaḍaan chhus suy rāṭith  
Soorith ākis cheezas andar  
Bēyi manza chhus neraan phāṭith  
Shamūan yēmis hov doori paan  
Pompur bēhaa daaman vāṭith  
Tas pata māty māty nerinaa  
(yōdvay āchhyav nish chhus khāṭith)  
Sath akli hāndy jaamay tsāṭith  
Chhaa husan jodoogaāriyaah

Haāraāniyaah, lachaāriyaah  
Nafsūch ta shokūch khaāriyaah  
Lolas chhi bāly bemaāriyaah  
Husnas na kaañh gamkhaāriyaah  
Chhaa lol yaaraftaāriyaah?  
Chaa husan jodoogaāriyaah?

To wander o'er hills and ravines and woods?  
Beauty has no compassion!

I reason: Fool! He who is so untouched by pity,  
What fruit will His willow yield?  
And how do you hope to find this Stranger?  
For you wouldn't know Him if you met Him!  
But the fond heart isn't thus restrained,  
For who can ever chain the wind?  
And can I really blame the heart?  
True love is no flirtation!

Lo! this enthralling music comes only from within you!  
Lured by her own musk's fragrance, the musk deer  
Bounds restlessly in vain quest o'er hill and dale;  
So runs the human soul in mad and blind career,  
Drawn irresistibly by the fragrance of the Beloved,  
Glimpsing Him in all created things,  
Now in one and even now in yet another.  
Having seen the lamp from afar,  
The moth cannot sit still,  
But will ever run after, with frenzied ecstasy,  
Tearing through the seven robes of wisdom  
(Even though the flame be hidden from his gaze).  
Is Beauty mere enchantment?

What compulsion! What helplessness!  
What affliction of flesh and longing!  
Futility of fond love's quest!  
Beauty's stony indifference!  
True love is no flirtation,  
But is Beauty mere enchantment?

seven robes of wisdom — the five senses, reason and judgement.

## KARANAABI TAARAKH NAA!

Naakaara gomut nagar son  
Basanas na laayakh roodmut  
Lootas ta havsas baäjbath  
Manzbaag miskeen moodmut  
Tsalahaa ta bëyi yimahaa na yor  
Karanaabi taarakh naa apor!

Zaälim zalar zan zaal hyath  
Zaagaan gareeban zora vaäly  
Khotsan na haäkim maari maa  
Prütsha gaär maa kunyi aasi kaäly  
Chhukh peera phwokh tay dyaara zor  
Karanaabi taarakh naa apor!

Maanav bänyith möhnyuv mazoor  
Chhòn nòn malyun ächh gaasha ròs  
Lari looka hanzay baädaraan  
Nari losanaavaan baashi ròs  
Saaraan khara sündy paäthy bor  
Karanaabi taarakh naa apor!

Day zonmut chhukh jaábiraah  
Poozaa tasünz bachanuk chhu tshal  
Zèvi kiny khwoshaamad chhis karaan  
Aase ta anyi maa kènh vwodal  
Aslee chhu dòkh son peera zor  
Karanaabi taarakh naa apor!

Päzyaäry, rahbar, rèsh, valee  
Kar taam asi nish moodymüty  
Zuva ràsy märy path kun tihüny  
Mäty, märy ta mandar roodymüty  
Vati raavaraan mulaa ta gor  
Karanaabi taarakh naa apor!

Sèdy saada swondar jaanavar  
Asi nish yiman bachanüch chhi aash  
Maärith muhith chhikh äsy karaan  
Thoolav bachav saan aäly naash



## FERRY ME ACROSS

This city is now evil,  
No longer fit to live in.  
Robbery and greed in league  
Crush the helpless in between.  
I'd run away and never return!  
Won't you ferry me across?

Like cruel spiders with their webs,  
Propped up by wealth and priests,  
Those in power wait for the poor,  
Unafraid of earthly justice,  
Or of higher justice one day.

Man, turned menial, wage labourer,  
Hungry, naked, unclean, sightless,  
Building houses for others' comfort,  
Wears out his limbs in joyless toil  
Like an ass that carries loads.

God to us is a hard tyrant,  
Wrathful if not worshipped,  
Offended if not flattered,  
And He well might work great harm.  
Thus we have to lean on priests.

Sages, high-souled and honest guides  
Have long since been forgotten;  
But we worship their lifeless sloughs  
Such as madmen, shrines and temples;  
And our priests mislead us every way.

Beautiful birds in innocence  
Expect of us protection;  
But we destroy them, nest and all,  
With eggs and lovely fledgelings,

Chhuna khoona ròs vwotalaan tor  
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yèti saarivûy day monmut  
Kun daata maalik maâjy mol  
Khwokabaâty, taarakh, viginyi, yachh  
Traavith baraan tasy yot lol  
Pava nish na ðalavûny or yor  
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bú tor  
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yèti baâzy, afsoon, shilpa vyaz  
Khurynaava zaânith anyigôt  
Bakhtee, prëyam, seevaa, dayaa  
Shòd darûm maanan tshót ta mòt  
Äthy vati pyath thaavith chhi khor  
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bú tor  
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yèti desh vòth, zal thal vèshaal  
An, pan ta phal, mad gyav vòphoor  
Dyutmut dayan tim baägaraan  
Khyath chhukh hûraan, zaanan na tsoor  
Swombarun chhi ganzaraan vwolabor  
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bú tor  
Karanaavi taraakh naa apor!

Kèñh kaänsi nish yâts tsòr na kam  
Bèyi sund vùchhith älyfas na bam  
Ada kyaazi traavan topa düh  
Ada kyaazi pyan asmaana bam  
Dushman na kaañh, phojuk na bor  
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bú tor  
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Äry dàry manush pâshy chaava suüty  
Yèti kaâm kôt saáree karan  
Path chhakh syathaa rozan mwokal

To provide a feast that gladdens all.

O my soul yearns to go  
Where everyone knows God  
As the only giver, lord and father,—  
Where goblins and stars haunt no minds,  
For all love Him alone.

There charms and spells and magic rites  
Are known as mere patterns of darkness;  
And all work steadfast on the path  
Of devotion, love, service, compassion —  
The simple faith of people there.

That's no forbidden country!  
There's open land, with gushing streams,  
Grain and fruit, milk and honey —  
God-given abundance shared by all!  
Each gets enough and more; none thief;  
Hoarding is meaningless folly.

That's not a land of sharp contrasts,  
And the green-eyed monster preys on none.  
That is why no cannon boom,  
No bombs rain from serene skies —  
No enemies, no crushing burden of arms.

O what lusty limbs in man and beast!  
Happy are their hearts in work,  
And happy hours of leisure follow



Gindan, gyavan, lekhan, paran

Asanuk ta vyanuk dor dor

Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor

Karanaavi taraakh naa apor!

Yëti kaañh na vadanaavaan shuryan

Yëti deeviyay maanaan triyan

Yëti koor göbras khwota ãaãh

Yëti nwosh na kaañh karmas düyan

Yëti baây srëh vuzanas tswopor

Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor

Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Vani, vaari, aañgan, jaayi saaph

Shrógy baana bartan, shrootsy shraány

Sëdy saada vastür shoobavüny

Ary paan swondar nundabaány

Kaañh maa kwokaarav kiñy kwokor

Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor

Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Kaañh maa hyatsar zad tay bichor

Kaañh maa chhu möt yaa phyor chor

Sworanay na naphsüny dorador

Pashanuk na vwosh, vadanuk na shor

Santosh vrat chhakh lachh kworor

Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor

Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yëli saarinüy asi tothi day

Yëli pheri pay præymuk tswopor

Saaree banan päzykiny manush

Rozee na yëti kaañh hoon bror

Tee gav zi Raamun nagar khor

Roozith yapaaree täry apor

Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor

Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

For books and song and fun and play  
And sounds of echoing laughter.

There children are not made to cry;  
Women are treated as goddesses;  
Daughters are dearer than sons;  
Daughters-in-law don't curse their fate,  
And love gushes from every spring.

Orchards, gardens, houses are clean;  
Pots and pans are shining, though cheap;  
Garments simple and graceful;  
Bodies steeped in health and beauty,  
For none is deformed with vice.

Distress, depression, unsound minds  
Do not plague men there, —  
Nor gnawing pangs of hunger  
Or sighs of remorse or sounds of wailing.  
Contentment is their boundless wealth.

When God blesses us all  
With the sap of love in every vein,  
It's only then that we'll be men,  
And not mere cats and dogs.  
The here will be the hereafter —  
We'll build the city of Rama.





## GHULAM AHMAD MAHJOOR

1885-1952

Born at Metragam, Pulawama. Son of Pirzada Abdulla Shah, who was well-read in Persian and Arabic and from whom he received his first lessons. Sent later to village Traal to study under the poet, Ali Ghanai Aashak. Admitted in Nazrat-ul-Islam School, Srinagar at the age of 18. Studied here till he passed the Middle School examination. Went to Amritsar where he made the acquaintance of the Urdu poets, Bismil Amritsari and Shibli Naamaani. Adopted the pen name Mahjoor, learnt Urdu calligraphy and worked as a *kaatib* (writer) in a newspaper office. Returned to Kashmir and married in 1908. Started writing poetry, first in Persian and then in Urdu. His first Kashmiri poem, *Vanta hay Vesy* appeared in 1918. Wrote subsequently only in his mother tongue. His father wanted him to enter his own profession which, however, did not attract the sensuous youngster. Appointed as a *patwari* in 1908. Though he kept aloof from politics, he enlarged his canvas to include subjects like unity, social equality, communal harmony and freedom. With the birth of New Kashmir, he was the most honoured poet till his death in 1952.

## LWOKACHAAR

Baázy káarithúy tsòlkhaa baázygaaro ho  
Navbahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon yaavun khasavun haar shraavun  
Jalva haavun ta aalam tambalaavun  
Bosh poshan rood dòh taaro ho  
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar vanakuy os divdaar  
Labi dáriyaa chhaavaan taaza sabzaar  
Mato tsaṭtam haa tabardaaro ho  
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar joshdaar kaayur naar  
Shola maaraan khoonkhaar zoraavaar  
Josh soryom tshêta gom naaro ho  
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar khaabaah os mazadaar  
Khyom aphsoos yaamat gos bedaar  
Tee bú vuchhahaa bëyi dubaaro ho  
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar baaguk jaanaavaar  
Poshi lanji pyaṭh bolaan khwosh guftaar  
Teer mo laay meeri shikaaro ho  
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar sholavun os gulzaar  
Suli phòlymüty aásy tath guli anaar  
Vaava hardünyi gos loora paaro ho  
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar tsalavun aabi Rámby aar  
Gav neerith pheerith yun chhu dushvaar  
Kwolaraadan dòd yi sabzaaro ho  
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

## YOUTH

How very soon after conjuring  
A vision so sweet, you left, O wizard!

*Life's spring time, O my youth!*

How like high midsummer was my youth,  
Tempting the world with lifted veil!  
But alas, the blossoms remained for a day!

*Life's spring time, O my youth!*

It was like a cedar in the forest  
Enjoying the river bank's pubescent green.  
Cut it not down, O stern woodman!

*Life's spring time, O my youth!*

It was like the blazing pine-wood fire,  
Showering sparks with tongues of flame.  
Spent is its force, the fire is out.

*Life's spring time, O my youth!*

My youth was only a dream so sweet  
That my grief was great when it was gone.  
O could I dream that dream again!

*Life's spring time, O my youth!*

It was a sweet-throated bird in the garden,  
Singing perched on a flowering bough.  
Do not aim your arrow, O hunter king!

*Life's spring time, O my youth!*

It was a garden aflame with the colour  
Of the bright red blossoms of pomegranates.  
But the autumn wind destroyed the bloom.

*Life's spring time, O my youth!*

It was like the hurrying waters of Rambi stream  
Which rushes down, but can't come back  
Even though the grass on the banks may wither.

*Life's spring time, O my youth!*



Graay kariṭhūy tsöl me yaavan raay  
 Laay roozūsna hiyi tanyi traāvnam haay  
 Yiyi naa bëyi haavi deedaaro ho  
                     Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Chhas Zulaykhaa vati pyaṭh laāgith maay  
 Shaahi Yoosuf yiyinaa yaavan raay  
 Bëyi aki laṭi gatshi milatsaaro ho  
                     Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

ä : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	ë : met
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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य		tsh : aspirate of ts	

I stand forsaken by the Lord of Youth,  
And soot has covered my jessamine frame.  
My eyes starve to see him again.

*Life's spring time, O my youth!*

I am the forlorn Zuleika on the road,  
My love, Yusuf's footfall awaiting.  
I yearn to meet him once again!

*Life's spring time, O my youth!*

Rambi stream — a straggling stream flowing through Shopian,  
which looks like a broad river when swollen during the rains

## BAAGE NISHAATA KE GULO

Baage Nishaata ke gulo  
 Naaz karaan karaan vwolo  
 Khanda karaan karaan vwolo  
 Mwokhta haraan haraan vwolo

Tsaakh tsü yaam dar chaman  
 Bosa kãree tsë kosaman  
 Shok chhü yambürzalan  
 Khaasy baraan baraan vwolo

Saári ðaluk tsü vüchh bahaar  
 Baage Nishaato Shaalamaar  
 Chashma zü thaávmay tayaar  
 Taara taraan taraan vwolo

Sangdilaa sitamgaraa  
 Aar tsë chhuy na akh zaraa  
 Zaayi gáyas bü swondaraa  
 Maay baraan baraan vwolo

Baava kãmis bü yim sitam  
 Maara matyo tsü boztam  
 Hola gájis bü dam ba dam  
 Lol haraan haraan vwolo

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## FLOWER OF NISHAT BAGH

Flower of Nishat Bagh!  
Come with your blandishments,  
Come with your laughter,  
Come showering pearls.

When you entered the garden,  
The *kusum* kissed you;  
The narcissus glowed with passion;  
Come filling glasses.

See, spring has come  
To Dal, Nishat and Shalamar!  
I've kept ready two gushing springs.  
Come rowing across.

O stranger to all pity,  
Hard-hearted tyrant!  
My bloom is wasted.  
Come love me true.

Who'll heed my woes  
But you, my love?  
I'm dying of grief.  
Come showering love.

two gushing springs — 'chasma' means both 'spring' and 'eye'  
The two springs across the Dal Lake are Chasma Shahi and  
Chashma Sahibi

## GREESY KOOR

Poshivünyi baagüch poshi gwondäriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Sworgüch Heemaäly Kaafüch päriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Aazaad vanüchee poshe thäriye

Mushka suüty toory kamee bäriye

Sath rang bakhshee kamee rangäriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Syöd saada jaama chhee shaama swondäriye

Na zi chhee goṭa nay zäriye

Kaatsa zoonyi zan chhi kaala öbrüky thäriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Neeran pheraan chhakhay shaah päriye

Goshan kar havaa khoriye

Poshan vyoor hyath vasee tüläriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Yaahoo karaan neree kotäriye

Baagan pheree ranga tsäriye

Naaga sabzaarüch baaga babäriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Vanavaan draayakh pyaṭh thazäriye

Viginyav shaabaash käriye

Changa saaz vaayaan chhakhay didäriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Tsë ta khwojabaayan chhaa baraabäriye

Tsë gulan suüty dilbäriye

Khwojabaayi tröparith daari ta bäriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Roshi roshi draayakh baaga andäriye

Poshav kan tsë maa bäriye

Bulbul kärythakh käly tay zäriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

## THE PEASANT GIRL

Bouquet from Beauty's everlasting garden,  
Heermal of Heaven or Caucasian fairy —  
O peasant girl, what grace! what beauty!

Flowering plant in the woodland of freedom,  
Who filled your buds with fragrance?  
Whose brush painted you in gorgeous rainbow hues?

Exquisite beauty, how simple is your attire,  
With neither flashy border nor brocade!  
O bright Kartik moon, draped in black clouds!

Queen of the fairies, you roam in freedom  
In glens and fragrant bowers,  
Like a honey bee gathering pollen.

With song on your lips, O bright song bird,  
You glide among flowers, scattering fragrance  
Like sweet basil leaves growing wild on green banks.

I heard you singing on the heights  
Like one playing on a harp in ecstasy,  
And the fairies clapped their hands in joy.

What gulfs between you and high born dames!  
You are the soul of freedom and flowers  
And the dames languish in shuttered prisons.

When you entered the garden — O what coy grace! —  
What did the flowers whisper to you?  
You've robbed the bulbuls of their speech.



Gahna kanyi posh chhee tanyi jary jariye

Gärymüty kämee zargäriye

Paäry lägyzi ath kaärygäriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Royas chaanis may paykäriye

Aab-o-rang chhuna baazaäriye

Moyas maa chhay phälilüch täriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Hayahüki aaba chhay chashma bäry bäriye

Gäaratüch chhay dilaaväriye

Sharmi chaanyi hoorav taäreeph käriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Daji pyaṭh vuchhmakh thöd ladith näriye

Lolo karaan loläriye

Nari maa losay tsoor käry käriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Guma hatsa shoobaan buma vanjäriye

Chhi karaan gaarat gäriye

Hyas yinay raavee mas maläriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Bulhavas may laag guli paykäriye

Aalutsh yuth nay aaväriye

Chika chaav panunuy yinay raaväriye

Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

ä : pertain

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û : script

uû : long ù

wo : got

ṭ : till

ḍ : ḍo

ts : tsar (Russian)

consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, सुत्य

tsh : aspirate of ts

You wear no jewels, but your lovely skin  
Sparkles with millions of them!  
Glory to the jeweller who wrought this miracle!

Your hair, innocent of purchased scents,  
Frames a face whence flows such heady wine  
As for its hue and power has no compeer.

O those gushing springs of bashfulness!  
The houris envy your grace, and yet  
You're framed in virtue, strong-souled maiden.

I saw you working in the field,  
Yours sleeves rolled up, singing a love song —  
O what rough work for those delicate arms!

O the loveliness of those sweat-soaked arched eyebrows!  
How many are the hearts that it has slain!  
O urn full of wine, beware your own drink!

Flower among fairies, let not the primrose path tempt you!  
May you escape the deadly embrace of sloth  
And the wayward doom of unbridled desire!

Heemaal — heroine of the immortal Kashmiri love story, *Heemaal Naagyraay*  
Caucasian fairy — The Caucasus mountains, according to legend,  
were the home of ravishing beauties.

## NERAHAA SANYAAS LAĀGITH

Nerahaa sanyaas laāgith yaara sund pay tshaarahaa  
Pherahaa shahran ta gaaman baal tas pata laarahaa

Yaara sūndis poshibaagas rosha vasahaa lola saan  
Poshivūny akh poshi ḍaālyaah dwon āchhan manz  
khaarahaa

Yōd su dilbar marshi traāvith syōd mē kun karihe nazar  
Shraavanas zan hee bū phwolahaa yaavanas tshōh  
maarahaa

Kaamadeev kari saāri Dal boozum shabas gatshi Telbal  
Darshanas aabas andar pamposh laāgith praarahaa

Posh phōlymūty vaari keñtsan rang keñtsan rango boo  
Rozavun yus gul chhu baagas suy gulav manza tshaarahaa

Bekhabar paāṭhy aam khabre lola tab chhum kyaah vanas  
Akh damaa ṭhāhraav karihe dyava zaraa sandaarahaa

Soz bozūnyi paana yiyihe bozihe myaānee vedaakh  
Shoka saan dilakis rabaabas taara lolūchi chaarahaa

Vadana suūty taāseer gatshihe yōd tamis sangeen dilas  
Raat dōh pananyav āchhyav kiny khooni baaraan haarahaa

ā : pertain	āā : bird	e : male	ē : met
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## I'LL PUT ON SAFFRON ROBES

I long to put on saffron robes  
And find out where my love has gone,  
Roam in every town and village  
And over hill and dale.

I would glide into his bower  
With love in every limb,  
And gather in both my eyes a bouquet  
Of flowers that do not fade.

If my love would only look at me,  
Leaving his high disdain,  
I'd be the Shraavan jessamine,  
Abloom with youth and joy.

The God of Love is coming to Dal Lake  
And will go at night to Telbal;  
O could I become a patient lotus  
In the lake to see him pass!

Variegated flowers bloom,  
Some with ravishing perfumes;  
But among these flowers I long to find  
The one that does not fade.

He came to see me unexpected;  
How could I show him the anguish  
Of my love? I'd have revived  
If he had stayed a moment.

I long for him to come and hear  
The song of my love-sick soul;  
I'd tune the strings of love  
In my heart's harp in joy.

If his flint heart will melt  
Only with my tears,  
I shall weep a rain of blood  
From my eyes every day.

Telbal — an exquisitely beautiful spot in the Dal Lake.

## NUNDABAANYI DILBARA MYAANI

Nundabaanyi dilbara myaani vājythas maayi vanay kyaah  
Heemal kārthas zaayi Naāgeeraayi vanay kyaah

Chhim aarūvali hāndy paāṭhy gamūty paara badaānas  
Kastoori roodukh doori vanan tshaayi vanay kyaah

Daana daana zan sheena maāny gājis chaanyi amaaray  
Thēhē paan loyum lolache Gangaayi vanay kyaah

Raavun chhu labun yaam zonum Raam sapnum dil  
Ada naar gōṇḍnam khophache Lankaayi vanay kyaah

Vōth shor yaamat vaav husnas moj tulith gav  
Izhaar kōr tee zulphache thatharaayi vanay kyaah

Dil myon gul zan āshka vaavan kōr yi pareshaan  
Shahbaaz thovuth bulbulas hamsaayi vanay kyaah

Masval bū aayas ṭukra jigarūky pesh kashee hyath  
Bēyi kyaah bū anay chhum yutuy sarmaayi vanay kyaah

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## MY BEAUTIFUL ONE

How shall I tell you, O beautiful one,  
A Heemal, enmeshed in your love,  
Is pining, wasting away for you —  
O Naágiray, how shall I tell you?

Sweet thrush, you've hidden in distant woods  
While, like the wild jessamine's,  
My bloom is falling off, petal by petal —  
How shall I tell you?

I waited like a patient glacier,  
Melting with yearning for you;  
At last, grown desperate, I hurled myself  
Into the Ganga of Love.

'Lose, if you would find!' Realizing this,  
My heart became Rama, subduing Ravana,  
And the Lanka of all my fears  
Was burnt down to ashes.

Breezes stole into Beauty's world,  
Causing ripples of desire;  
Long tresses are still a-tremble,  
And O! the havoc in my heart.

O breeze of love! why do you tease  
The simple rose of my heart?  
You've made the hawk neighbour to the bulbul —  
How shall I tell you?

I've come to offer you all I have —  
The pieces of a broken heart;  
Alas! how shall I tell you, my love?  
Like the hyacinth, that's all I have.



Vata chaanyi vùchhahaa vaara nazran raächh chhim  
kam taany  
Boozum vwoñ karanam raächh dilache raayi vanay kyaah  
Gul royi mé roothukh ta gokh kaman mèhërbaan  
Naacheez kandyan pyath tsé trovuth saayi vanay kyaah

ä : <i>pertain</i>	aa : <i>bird</i>	e : <i>male</i>	ë : <i>met</i>
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wo : <i>got</i>	† : <i>till</i>	đ : <i>do</i>	ts : <i>tsar</i> (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

I would gaze long at the path you took,  
But they are watching my eyes;  
I hear they are going to put a watch  
Soon over my beating heart.

O rose-faced beloved, forsaking me,  
You turned your heart to others;  
On worthless thorns you lavished love —  
How shall I tell you?

VWOLO HAA BAAGVAANO

Vwolo haa baagvaano navbahaaruk shaan paadaa kar  
Phwolan gul gath karan bulbul tithee saamaan paadaa kar

Chaman vaāraaṇ rivaāṇ shabnam tsāṭith jaamay  
 Gulan tay bulbulan andar dubaaray jaan paādaa kar

Ma thav gulzaaras andar swoy gulan kits swoy  
kharaabee chhay

Yivaan sumbal chhi pay dar pay gule khandaan paadaa kar

Karee kus bulbulaa aazaad panjaras manz tsü  
naalaan chhukh

Tsü pananye dasta pananyan mushkilaan aasaan paadaa kar

Hakoomat maalo dolat naazo nemat bëyi shahanshaähi

Yi soruy chhuy tsé nish paanas tsù amichee zaan paádaa kar

Agar vuzanaavahan bastee gulan hanz traav zeero bam

Bunyul kar vaav kar gagraay kar toophaan paadaa kar

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## COME, GARDENER!

Come, gardener! Create the glory of spring! make  
Guls bloom and bulbuls sing — create such haunts!

The dew weeps and your garden lies desolate;  
Tearing their robes, your flowers are distracted;  
Breathe life once again into the lifeless gul and the bulbul!

Rank nettles hamper the growth of your roses;  
Weed them out, for look thousands  
Of laughing hyacinths are crowding at the gate!

Who will set you free, captive bird,  
Crying in your cage? Forge with your own hands  
The instruments of your deliverance!

Wealth and pride and comfort, luxury and authority,  
Kingship and governance — all these are yours;  
Wake up, sleeper, and know these as yours!

Bid good-bye to your dulcet strains; to rouse  
This habitat of flowers, create a storm,  
Let thunder rumble,—let there be an earthquake!

## BULBULO MÔT GOKH POSHAN

Vyoor poshan kam tulaan chhaavaan chhi kam

baaguk bahaar

Bekhabar ami raaza nish chhukh shora shar bisyaar chhuy

Vaalavaashan chaanyi baapath vaalabary zaavily kârikh

Poshi thari ândy ândy hyuvuy maa zaal tay sabzaar chhuy

Poshi thari pyaṭh aaly han chhay vaalanay ath zaalanay

Kaaly traavun baag aasee vwony tsê kyaah inkaar chhuy

Yus shihul kul aasi bakhshaan Ruma Rêshun aay tas

Shihli râstyan makh chhi divaan tath gavaah divdaar chhuy

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## FUSSY BIRD

Fussy bird, you do not know  
Who drink delight from bud and blossom,  
Ravish spring in all her beauty —  
Fussy bird, you do not know!

New clapnets have been made for you,  
And finer are the meshes;  
The snare around the flower shrub  
Is camouflaged in green.

Your pretty nest is on the bough —  
But they'll burn and bring it down!  
And, fussy bird, you will have  
To leave the garden soon!

We love a shady tree and wish  
It were to live for ever,  
But axe the one that gives no shade —  
Even if it's the proudest pine !



## GULSHAN VATAN CHHU SONUY

Bulbul vanaan chhu poshan  
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy  
Sonuy vatan chhu gulshan  
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Sumbal vanaan bunafshas  
Roozith tsü tshaayi chhukh kas  
Van traav baag kun vas  
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Andy andy saphed sangar  
Devaari sangi marmar  
Manz baag sabüz gohar  
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Manz baag kohasaaran  
Rät jaay navbahaaran  
Phöly laala shaalamaaran  
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Naagan kwolan ta aaran  
Joyan ta aabshaaran  
Dyut soz navbahaaran  
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Baagan köhan ta baalan  
Naaran vanan ta naalan  
Kam rang gul chhi khaalan  
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Läjymüts phulay chhi poshan  
Baagan vanan ta goshan  
Bulbul vüchhith chhu toshan  
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Mahjoora des sonuy  
Baagaah chhu nundabonuy  
Ath lol gatshi baronuy  
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

## A GARDEN IS OUR LAND

The bulbul sings to the flowers:  
'A garden is our land!'

The hyacinth says to the violet,  
'Why are you hiding thus?  
Come down from the woods to the garden.'  
*A garden is our land!*

Like walls of white marble  
The mountain peaks enclose  
A sunny space of emerald green.  
*A garden is our land!*

The early spring has come again  
And camped on mountain heights,  
And tulips blow in Shalamar.  
*A garden is our land!*

The sweet gift of spring  
To fountains, rivulets, streams  
And waterfalls is music.  
*A garden is our land!*

Colourful flowers bloom  
In gardens and on hill and mountain,  
Forests, ravines and river banks.  
*A garden is our land!*

Blossoms are everywhere  
In orchards and on hills,  
And drunken sings the bulbul:  
*A garden is our land!*

Mahjoor, our motherland  
Is the loveliest on earth!  
Shall we not love her best?  
*A garden is our land!*

## AAZAĀDEE

Sanaa saāree pariv saanyan garan manz tsaayi aazaādee  
 Syathaa yātskaāly asi kun jalva haavaan aayi aazaādee

Yi aazaādee chhi traavaan magribas kun rahmatuk baaraan  
 Karaan saānis zameenas pyaṭh tsharyay gagraayi aazaādee

Gareebēe muphlisee bebooj naapursaan zabaan bandee  
 Ameerūtsi traayi asi pyaṭh aayi traavaan saayi aazaādee

Yi aazaādee chhi sworgūch hoor pheryaa khaana path  
khaanay

Fakat keñtsan garan aṇdar chhi maaraan graayi aazaādee

Yi aazaādee dapaan sarmaayidaāree chham na kunyi  
thaavūny

Vwon pananyan nish chhi sōmbaraavun hyavaan  
sarmaayi aazaādee

Lukan maatam garan andar bihith maahraaza hiv haākim  
 Yimav rāṭmūts chhi paanas suūty khalvat shaayi aazaādee

Nabir Shekh zaanyi kathi hōnd maanyi tas tsāly  
khaanadaarēny hyath

Su gav fariyaad karne tas vwopar gari pyaayi aazaādee

ā : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	é : met
o : go	ô : oasis	û : script	uû : long ù
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य		tsh : aspirate of ts	

## FREEDOM

Let us all offer thanksgiving,  
For Freedom has come to us;  
It's after ages that she has beamed  
Her radiance on us.

In western climes Freedom comes  
With a shower of light and grace,  
But dry, sterile thunder is all  
She has for our own soil.

Poverty and starvation,  
Lawlessness and repression, —  
It's with these happy blessings  
That she has come to us.

Freedom, being of heavenly birth,  
Can't move from door to door;  
You'll find her camping in the homes  
Of a chosen few alone.

She says she will not tolerate  
Any wealth in private hands;  
That's why they are wringing capital  
Out of the hands of every one.

There's mourning in every house,  
But in sequestered bowers  
Our rulers, like bridegrooms,  
Are in dalliance with Freedom.

Nabir Sheikh knows what Freedom means,  
For they took away his wife;  
He raised a hue and cry, until  
She bore a child elsewhere.



Katshan taamat daapaan vuchhahas sate laṭi tōmla  
 mwochhi baapath  
 Phōtis kyath gara āny pootse tshaayi aaram baayi  
 aazaādee

Gamūṭy damphāṭy chhi saāree bekaraāree chhakh  
dilan andar  
Dapaan vanahāv panun ahvaal asi maa laayi aazaādee

ä : <i>pertain</i>	aa : <i>bird</i>	e : <i>male</i>	è : <i>met</i>
o : <i>go</i>	ô : <i>oasis</i>	û : <i>script</i>	uu : <i>long ü</i>
wo : <i>got</i>	t : <i>till</i>	d : <i>do</i>	ts : <i>tsar (Russian)</i>
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : <i>aspirate of ts</i>

They searched her armpits seven times  
To see if she was hiding rice;  
In a basket covered with a shawl  
The peasant's wife brought Freedom home.

There's restlessness in every heart,  
But no one dare speak out —  
Afraid that with their free expression  
Freedom may be annoyed.

Nabir Sheikh — used as a generic name for those who suffered thus  
hiding rice — officials at the octroi post have to see that rice is not  
smuggled into Srinagar

## POSHINOOLO

Poshinoolo hoshi saan roz vānda draav bēyi soñt aav  
Ranga ranga phōly posh baagas ner tsūti gulzaar chhaav

Panjaras mañz zaakh āthy mañz

vaāns guzaraavaan aakh

Khula fizahas mañz vuphun hēchh vaash kaḍ vasvaas traav

Aayatān chhay poshi thari yath lanji khwosh chhuy tath  
bēhakh

Baagavaanay gaār aasee pas tsē maa rozee yi baav

Shraavanas zaan kadro kuūmat yaavanas tul kaañh  
maphaad

Baāy varzith lookh arzith ulfatuk mas baāgaraav

Phaāz gav suy vaati yus aaman ta khaasan varna kyaah  
Kas na rātsharaavūny tagan yēti baāy band tay aāshnaav

Dushmanas sangeeñ sazaa dyun badla hyōn chhuna  
kaañh kamaal

Tyuth salookah kar tsū tas yuth lola saan hēyi chon naav

Draay vaaryal baaga mañza jaanaavaran pheer zindagee  
Tsū ti agar vaaryal banakh bas gav baraabar aav jaav

Chaani baaguk khaara jigaras nyēbrimēn jaanaavaran  
Tsaay baagas mañz dapaan chhukh yim karan myonuy  
bachaav

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## O GOLDEN ORIOLE

O golden oriole, winter's gone,  
Gay spring has come again!  
Step out and feast your weary eyes  
On the myriad flowers abloom.

Born in a cage where the candle  
Of your life has guttered low,  
Shed your fear and, spreading wings,  
Learn flight in God's free air.

Flowering plants have spread their arms,  
Perch on the bough your fancy takes;  
But with an alien as your gardener,  
This freedom won't remain.

Know how precious midsummer is!  
Don't let your youth run waste!  
Pour the wine of universal love,  
For all men are friends, not foes.

Goodness does not discriminate  
Between the high and the low;  
There's no greatness in lavishing bounty  
On one's own kin alone.

Strength lies not in severe reprisals  
Nor in cruel revenge.  
You can win over bitterest foes  
With the force of love alone.

Hawks have left your garden,  
And birds are all in song;  
But if you yourself turn a hawk,  
How futile was this change!

Naive indeed is your faith to see  
As saviours and redeemers  
Interloping birds that burn  
With envy of your lot.



Dig satúty sūnz zaani bumsin gaárzaanan kyaah khabar  
Tház kulaah dith jaanavaaraah suúty chhis vaaryal ta kaav

Zor saálaabuk chhu Vwolaras khatra Vijavaavuk ti chhus  
Gaaṭ chhuy vunyi door vaarah vaav vūchh vūchh naav  
traav

Os gulzaaras andar Mahjoor vaayaan lola saaz  
Az dapaan bulbul ti kyaah gav panjaras mañz kona tsaav

â : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	è : met
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The earth-worm knows how the hoopoe bites.  
Those unaffected do not know  
This grand high-turbaned bird is one  
With all the hawks and crows.

The Wular Lake is still in flood,  
The North Wind howling strong,  
The shore is far away and you  
Must steer your course with care.

Mahjoor has always sung love songs  
In freedom in his garden.  
'This is no way', the new bulbuls say,  
'For he must enter a cage!'

North Wind — a dangerous wind on the Wular Lake



## ABDUL QADOOS RASA JAVIDANI

b. 1901

Born at Bhadrawah. Comes from a family which migrated from Anantnag to Bhadarwah during the Sikh rule. Started business after having studied upto the 8th standard. Passed the Persian examinations, Adib Fazil and Munshi Fazil and started writing poems in Urdu. Was appointed teacher in a Govt school, in which profession he continued till his retirement. His first Urdu poem, *Laila Sahra* was written in 1926. His advent into Kashmiri poetry came much later. Literary influences: Rasul Mir and Mahjoor in Kashmiri and Akhtar Shirani in Urdu. Represented Kashmir in the National Mushaira in 1961. Has published his Kashmiri poems under the title *Nairang-e-gazal*.



## GAZAL I

Dòpun vandaham tsũ kyaah dòpmas javaànee  
Dòpun tamy pata mè dòpmas zindagaànee

Dòpun kyaah chhukh yatshaan dar har do aalam  
Mè dòpmas bas chaànee mèharbaànee

Dapyaamas parda tul dòpnam chhuyaa taab  
Vònum 'àrinee' ta boozum 'lan taraànee'

## GAZAL II

Jaan lekhayaa kina jaanaana lolo  
Naama shoobee kamyoo anvaana lolo

Kath na shaaye chhu chon nooraana lolo  
Kaaba baasaan chhumo butkhaana lolo

Az na Majnoon ta Farhaad paana lolo  
Sood àshkun rood afsaana lolo

Paan vandanye su aayaas lola bòrmuṭ  
Zol shamahan kyaazi parvaana lolo

Mang ma yaàree tsũ har shaayi gaatajaaras  
Kunyi jaaye laag devaana lolo

Gona graavay pazi naa naakhwodaayas  
Naav bòṭh lájy yèli toophaana lolo

Husni seerath chhu Rasahas chon mahboob  
Khat-o-khaalas chhuna devaana lolo

## GAZAL I

She said, 'What will you offer?'

I said, 'My youth.'

She said, 'After that?'

'My life,' I said.

She: 'What do you crave for

In this world and the next?'

I: 'Your kindness

Is all I want.'

'O lift your veil!' I implored.

She said, 'Can you bear it?'

I said, 'I can', and I heard,

'Boast!'

## GAZAL II

Shall I call you my life or my love?

How shall I address these lines to you?

Show me the place where your light isn't seen —

The kaaba and the temple are the same to me.

Gone are both Majnu and Farhad —

Only the stories of their love remain.

He came to offer his life with love.

Then why should the lamp have burnt this moth?

Don't seek always wisdom's guidance —

At times be also mad.

Who would blame the boatman for complaining

When the boat is caught in a shoal in storm?

Rasa is in love with your tender heart;

He is not bewitched by line and form.



## ABDUL AHAD AZAD

1903-1948

Born at Rangar, Badgam. Studied upto the 3rd standard. Was appointed teacher in Arabic in a Govt school in 1919. Passed the Munshi Alim examination in Persian in 1926. Started writing poems quite early under the pen name 'Ahad', which he later changed to 'Janbaz' and finally, in 1931, to 'Azad'. Wrote first in Persian and Urdu, and later in Kashmiri. Met Mahjoor in 1935, when he was undergoing training at the Normal Training School, Srinagar, and was quite impressed. Literary influences: Iqbal and the progressive writers. Politically, he remained a Radical Marxist throughout his life. His work *Kashmiri Language and Poetry* was published in 1959 by the Cultural Academy.



## INKALAAAB

Zindagee kyaah? inkalaaban hānz kitaab  
 Inkalaab-o-inkalaab-o-inkalaab

Zindagee hōnd asal maane iztaraab  
 Iztaraabuk maane matlab inkalaab

Inkalaabav paāda kāry mazhab ta deen  
 Inkalaabav kos shak hovukh yakeen

Gaatajaāree khatam kār paygambaree  
 Rooz baakūy shaāyiree sodaagaree

Bronṭh kun pakh darda baagan bar mūtsar  
 Chhay banemūts parda hish pananee nazar

Yēmy bahaaran sheen traāvith ḍoṭh trov  
 Poshibaagūy zaani tāmy kus daag thov

Akh ti maaryas byaakh haaryas daari khoon  
 Tshaavūlis teeris hihuy puj raamahoon

Khooni mardan thov konoonan halaal  
 Rath chavaan paadar sūhan kamzaat shaal

Vaay majbooree gwolaāmee bandagee  
 Bekaraāree bekasee sharmandagee

Parda tsāṭh dilakyan hubaaban tul nakaab  
 Inkalaab an inkalaab an inkalaab

ā : pertain	āā : bird	e : male	é : met
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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

## CHANGE

What is life but the book of change?  
Change — more change — and yet more change!

Flux is the living reality,  
And change the meaning of flux.

It's change that brought forth religion,  
Banished doubt, revealed true faith.

Now reason has banished prophecy —  
Only poetry and trade remain.

Advance! Open the gates of the garden of love;  
Your own sight is veiling your eyes.

Ask flowers how cruel is spring,  
Breaking frost with a shower of hail!

To the sheep and the goat, the butcher and the wolf  
Are alike — one slays, the other drains blood.

The law has sanctioned human slaughter;  
Mean jackals are feasting on lions' blood.

O compulsion! slavery! subjection!  
O restless, helpless heart! O shame!

Rend the veil! Uncover the seething, bubbling heart!  
Change! Change! Bring a new change!

poetry and trade — the poetry of the rituals and the lucrative  
business the priests have found in them

## AARAVĀL

Vaara mē vanta aaravāly kyaazi gāyakh vwobaāliye  
Jaādy kāree ta kan bāree vanta yi kām̄y gulaāliye

Saaza ḍyakas shoobee tsē swon vanta yi kyaah gayee vanan  
Door tsājikh phōjikh vanan noora barūtsy mashaāliye

Zooni tsū chooni chhakh jaraan saaz karaan tsū dyan  
Nēhagaṭe tsū kyaah karaan rwopa vanūch gōpaāliye  
baraan

Droy phāṭith yi lola zar parda tsāṭith rōṭuth thazar  
Chhaa sū khāṭith vanan andar yēm̄y tsū karūkh vwobaāliye

Shoka yasūndi chhakh chhivaan nari yēm̄is tsū aalavaan  
Chhum na kunye vane yivaan shama dilūky mē zaāliye

Āshk pharaan kaman kaman tapa rēshan ta aālīman  
Āshk karaan chhū mosuman poshi badan kazaāliye

Tulri ṭwopal avaara vaav lol panun ma raavaraav  
Maara matis tsū guzūraav paana panūny yi ḍaāliye

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## THE WILD ROSE

Tell me truly, O wild rose,  
What makes you waste away.  
Has the tulip put a spell on you,  
Or a hard word in your ear?

Gold should deck your scented brow,  
Which is languishing in sad neglect.  
O flaming torch, why run away  
To bloom in distant woods?

I see you bloom in the light of the day  
And gather gems when the moon is bright;  
But what do you do on coal-dark nights,  
O queen of the silver woods?

Your love's anguish bursts through all  
Disguise, O dweller on heights!  
Has he gone to hide in the deep woods  
For whom you are pining thus?

He whose thought is joyful dance,  
To whom you offer life and soul,  
Why can't I see him anywhere,  
Though I've lit the lamps of my heart?

Love has plundered every one,  
Holy saints and learned men;  
Love puts black soot on the rosy frames  
Of young and innocent souls.

Don't make your love like the wayward breeze  
Stung by wandering bees;  
Make it a precious offering  
At the feet of the one you love.



Darda gulan gāyakh buchhith aarapalan tsè dil ràchhith  
Sangdilan andar vùchhith laal mwolūly mwolaāliye

Gaara gayee tsè khworda saāly jaar banaan chhi  
dyaara vaāly  
Meer vuchhum banaan phatsaāly daata banaan savaāliye

Bosh ta husan pooshynay poshi bahaar tooshynay  
Chhaavee dōhay dilūch phulay toshee tsū poshimaaliye

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How glad you've made the stones in brooks,  
Leaving the lovesick guls forlorn!  
Are you there because precious rubies  
Nestle in hearts of stone?

Or were you early driven by deep disgust  
With the hollow friendship of moneyed men,  
Or seeing rich men turn penurious  
And generous donors poor beggars?

May your joy and beauty never wane!  
May floral spring adorn you!  
O lovely flower, may the bloom on your face  
And the bloom in your heart increase!

# DĀRIYAAV

Tsalaan chhum shar hubaaban iztaraaban valvalan andar  
Yivaan chhum zindagee hōnd soz safran manzilan andar

Kanyan khambryan khayan khraashan pakaan chhus  
manz gaṭyan gaashan  
Na chhus mōhtaaj shaabaashan na chhus mushtaak  
gindabaashan  
Yuthuy chhus raata kruulan manz tyuthuy chhus  
bulbulan andar

Khoshaamad kārytanam kaañtshaa maalaamat  
kārytanam kaañtshaa  
Bū yath kyut chhus gōmut paādaa karun chhum tee  
ḍarun kas kyaah  
Bū nokar chhusna kaañh afsar lēkhyam naakaābilan andar

Mē aadat chhuy na path pherun mē nish gav  
brōñhkunuy nerun  
Na chhus gul paan chhum sherun na bulbul ol chhum yerun  
Bū chhus khwosh pechtaaban inkalaaban zalzalan andar

Baṭhyan beran sanyan vwognyan ts aṭith vaalaan  
chhus boshe  
Daryan takryan ṭharyan sāry pēṭhy gātshith ḍaalaan  
chhus hoshe  
Na chhum thaarun na dil haarun mē nyaayan gaañgalan  
andar

Kaman sangeen kalaayan tay balaayan paan chhaavaan  
chhus

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## THE RIVER

My yearnings find expression  
In bubbles, commotion, tumult;  
It's in wandering to distant goals  
That I find the music of life.

I move on day and night  
Through rocks, ravines and ditches;  
I do not pause for praise,  
I do not pause for play;  
I am at home with the bats  
As I am with the bulbuls.

Flattery cannot tickle me  
Nor disparagement make me falter;  
A purpose brought me here  
And I live to see it through;  
I am not fettered, as men are,  
By the fear of disapprobation.

Forever faring forward,  
I know no turning back;  
I don't adorn myself like flowers,  
Nor build nests like the bulbuls;  
My delight is in swift eddies,  
Revolutions and earthquakes.

I cleave the sides of the banks and bunds,  
And level the high ground with the low;  
Leaping o'er proud, strong obstructions,  
I scare their wits away.  
I do not seek a fight.  
But meeting it, I do not quail.

I hurl myself against stone ramparts  
And other mortal barriers;



Panun chhakraavanay aamut kunyar bëyi sòmbaraavan  
chhus  
 Tsataan sangar ta thaasaan baal pheraan jangalan andar  
 Dyutum parvaaz obras raahatuk taaseer baaraanas  
 Vālim yim neely jaama ta laajvardee jaama asmaanas  
 Tulaan chhus hol gagaraayan ta sholaan vuzmalan andar  
 Bū vathraan pharshi makhmal pyaṭh kinaaran taaza  
yaaran kyut  
 Mazooran thākymūtyan bëyi shoka vaalyan dostdaaran  
kyut  
 Behyan raahat karan dyava farhataah vaatyakh  
dilan andar  
 Ameeraah baadshaahaa aāsytan hyōndaah mussalmaanaah  
 Bū kath praaras bihin chhaāvin chēyin naāvin barin  
baanaah  
 Mē nish raajaah navabaah saāyilaah akh saāyilaan andar  
 Sanyar vōgnyaar bāṭhy tay bera dēeshith jera chhum  
yivaan  
 Kunyar yaksaan chhus tshaaraan laaraan yoot maaraan  
paan  
 Tavay chhus aab aāsith vaara tulavyan tyōngalan andar  
 Yinuk gatshanuk zyanuk maranuk na chhum parvaah na  
chhum kaāñh gam

ā : pertain	āā : bird	e : male	é : met
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Then collecting once again the fragments  
Of my scattered self,  
I hurl down rocks, wear down hills  
And roam in the forests free.

I give wings to the cloud  
And the gift of mercy to the rain,  
And it's I who dress the firmament  
In blue and purple robes;  
Mine is the voice of the thunder,  
Mine the flame in the lightning.

I spread green velvet carpets  
On my banks for friends,  
For tired limbs of hard-worked labour  
And for lovers of pleasure;  
They come and sit and bathe and drink  
In freedom and in joy.

But I do not wait on any one!  
Hindus, Muslims, men of wealth,  
Rajas, nawabs come and rest,  
Seeking balm for bruised spirits.  
But to me they are all suppliants  
Among the many who come to me.

I shall not rest till the world is rid  
Of the embankments that divide,  
Of ditch and hollow that deform  
Its smooth and lovely face.  
This passion, like a consuming fire,  
Burns me even though I'm water.

Coming and going, birth and death  
Are all the same to me.

Na chhus haàraan vaatan kam na chhum pheraan gày  
kam kam

Chhi yith yith vāhma tay vasvaas aasaan buzdilan andar

Jigar chhus sangaran katraan raftaaras swo garmee chham  
Madanvaaran badan naavan atvaaran swo narmee chham  
Syazar tay lol chhum bāry bāry varan pechan valan andar

Gulan tay bulbulan manz chhus bū vaayaan myooṭh  
santooraah

Palan sangeen dilan manz inkalaabuk ḍol ḍaṇḍooraah  
Yitshūy narmee titshūy garmee chhē myaanyan  
galgalan andar

Daraan yēti kāhra myaanye lāhra maaran vakhta bāḍy  
valaveer

Tate poshe tharyan chhus roshi chaavaan daayi hāṇḍy  
paāṭhy sheer

Zuvak myaānyee chhi shamshaadan ta sarvan raāyilan  
andar

Syāṭhaa narmee ta diljoyee karaan chhus khoobroyan manz  
Yivaan chhus masvalan hyath tresh khwosh raftaar  
joyan manz

Tulaan tasveer pamposhan bihith poshe ḍalan andar

ā : pertain	āā : bird	e : male	ē : met
o : go	ō : oasis	ū : script	uū : long ū
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य		tsh : aspirate of ts	



I don't wonder who will come,  
Nor grieve at the fine men gone —  
Futile fears and anxieties,  
Which trouble the weak of heart.

Big mountains know my might,  
For I split their hearts asunder;  
But with gentle caressing hands I bathe  
The bodies of beautiful girls.  
My flowing stream and waves and eddies  
Are bursting with truth and love.

I play soft tunes on my *santoor*  
To flowers and the bulbuls,  
But the thunder of the drums of revolution  
Is my music for hard-hearted rocks;  
My gurgling sound is sweet indeed,  
But it hides a potent fire.

Puppets of Time, however great,  
Quail at the wrath of my waves;  
But I play the nurse to flower shrubs  
And feed them with my milk;  
To the cedar, pine and cypress  
I've given my life without stint.

I love to be gentle, I love to play  
In the midst of loveliness;  
I carry drink to the thirsty iris  
In gracefully moving streams,  
And I stop to obtain the image  
Of the lotus in bloom in the lake



# PAZI SHAMSHERE GINDUNAA KAR

Paziche razi lam kunyirüchi vere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Rinda mastaanan zindagee phere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Valaveer hala vizi path no phere

Valvala tàmysund tuli mahshar

Suha grazi shaal bëhi tsoori tal bere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Broonthymis patapata paküvünyi teere

Paana ti bronth kun nazaraah kar

Khayi manz maa gatsshakh nayi hânzi vere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Mardee chhana swon vatharun here

Tsandanüky laagüny daari ta bar

Swona seri laagünyi thazi kana vere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Gönd chhuy logmut shoobidaar shere

Baalaadari pyath traävmüts lar

Ami suüty huri kyaah tshari kalahere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Pwokhtakaar mwokhtüchi veri ta zere

Vasi manz södras nyeryas shar

Aaraköt treshi hôt phaṭi maa kere

Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

ä : pertain

aa : bird

e : male

é : met

o : go

ö : oasis

ü : script

uü : long ü

wo : got

ṭ : till

ḍ : do

ts : tsar (Russian)

consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य

tsh : aspirate of ts

## FIGHT WITH THE SWORD OF TRUTH

Pull at the rope of truth to gain  
The strength of the single mind.  
Bold aspirants will gain new life.  
Fight with the sword of truth!

No brave man flies from the battlefield;  
His tumultuous war cry rends the sky.  
At his lion's roar jackals hide behind mounds.  
Fight with the sword of truth.

O sheep, blindly following others,  
Use your eyes, look ahead, my friend,  
Lest, dreaming of meadows, you land in a ditch!  
Fight with the sword of truth.

You are not great if you've paved your stairs  
Or raised your porch with bricks of gold,  
And made doors and windows of sandalwood.  
Fight with the sword of truth.

The hollow man doesn't cease to be hollow  
By reclining in easeful pavilions,  
His turban crested with gorgeous plumes.  
Fight with the sword of truth.

The wise man whose heart is set on pearls  
Dives into the deep and finds his treasure,  
While the timid man dies of thirst by the well.  
Fight with the sword of truth.

## GAZAL

Laay móhabatúch kamand mulki khwodaa shikaar kar  
Rozi móhabatúch kathaa sozi dilas ma aar kar

Harda vize tsü dil ma haar yi chhu payaami nav bahaar  
Taaza gulan chhu intizaar taaza diluk bahaar kar

Zaanyi bichaara banda kyaah lol barun su vwonda kyaah  
Bandagiyan khwoshaamadan zyaada ma etibaar kar

Bram ta fareb chhi zulfo kham naazo adaa ta maânzi nam  
Zindagiye ma kar sitam rinda hanaa tsü aar kar

ä : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	é : met
o : go	ô : oasis	û : script	uû : long û
wo : got	‡ : till	đ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य		tsh : aspirate of ts	

## GAZAL

Shoot the arrows of love,  
And conquer God's dominion.  
Sing loud the song of the heart:  
The story of love will remain.

When autumn comes, do not lose heart;  
It comes with the promise of spring.  
Nature awaits new flowers' arrival:  
Revive the spring in your heart.

How little does the slavish mind  
Know of love or the loving heart!  
Do not rely on empty forms,  
Easy salaams and flattery.

False, deceitful are beauty's grace,  
Wavy tresses and lovely hands.  
Save your life from sore distraction —  
Drinker in life's tavern, have pity!



## HAA VATANDAARO HO

Tshyata kyaazi göy gaàratuk naaro ho  
Gatshta bedaar haa vatandaaro ho

Chhukh dabyomut khofüchi rabi andar  
Bumsinyi hândy paäthy chhay traàvmüts lar  
Lahra maaraan neroo shaahmaaro ho  
Gatshta bedaar haa vatandaaro ho

Kanyi sheeshi ta aab göy seemaabas  
Gokh haàraan pyokh manz gardaabas  
Fota sapunuy kyaazi mwokhta haaro ho  
Gatshta bedaar ha vatandaaro ho

Joshi àndrimi tondrùki dita akh tshaṭh  
Trèṭi hândy paäthy pyata arkhalanüy pyaṭh  
Poshi vananüy tsali khaara khaaro ho  
Gatshta bedaar haa vatandaaro ho

ä : pertain	aä : bird	e : male	é : met
o : go	ô : oasis	ü : script	uü : long ü
wo : got	t : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुह्य		tsh : aspirate of ts	

## O, MY COUNTRYMAN!

The fire of your honour is out.  
Awake, my countryman!

Do not sleep like a worm  
Buried deep in the mud of fear.  
Come out in your hooded majesty.  
Awake, my countryman!

Caught in a whirlpool, you are amazed to see  
Your stone become glass, your quicksilver water,  
The pearls of your necklace worthless beads.  
Awake, my countryman!

Let flames leap out of the oven of your heart!  
Fall like lightning on noxious nettles,  
And meadows of flowers will live without fear.  
Awake, my countryman!



## GHULAM RASUL NAZKI

b. 1909

Born at Mader, Bandipur. Studied Persian and passed the Adib Fazil examination, after which he also passed the B.A. examination. Worked first as a teacher and then as editor of *Taaleem-e-Jadeed*, and finally as a programme executive in Radio Kashmir. After retirement, started his own Urdu Weekly, *Alghufrān*. At present, he is editor of *Chaman*. Wrote first in Urdu and published his collection of poems, *Nazaakat* in 1932-33. *Deeda-e-tar*, another collection of poems was published later. He also published *Rooh-e-Ghani* (translation of selections from Ghani in Urdu) and *Abdul Ahad Nadim* (a critical biography of Nadim). Started writing in Kashmiri at the insistence of the younger poets. His *Namrood Naama*, a collection of 200 quatrains was published in 1964. Main literary influence: Iqbal.



## RUBAĀYAAT

Swo swondarmaal pheraan aās aaran  
Kanan gav viginyi vanavun sabzazaaran  
Tsalaan thapi thaari buth chhöl aabshaaran  
Dapaan tály taari nazaraah kār bahaaran

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Tsè kun deeshith tsününy poshan dalaan rang  
Deküchy drüh chaány tooryan dil karaan tang  
Yi roshan chon chhum traavaan chhwokan noon  
Vuṭhan kumajaar kar zakhman yiyam ang

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Sitaarav zooni vön vuchh saány mahfil  
Tsè kyaah göy kyaazi chhakh roozith tsü tanhaa  
Vwoshaah traävith karün nazaraah ta vönanakh  
Götshum akh mahramaa yas raaz vanahaa

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Amis paanas ziyaafäts jaan pwolaavaah khyön  
Mè döpnam maali hyas káryzi pato aakhür hisaabaah  
Rangaarang khyath ta chyath paanas  
Tse chhay rahmat yi gurbat phaaka rozun bód  
kabaabaah chhuy  
chhuy  
naseehath jaan kyaah kárnam  
savaabaah chhuy

## QUATRAINS

When that lovely woman wandered over stream banks,  
A fairy song tingled in the meadow's ears;  
Tumbling in haste, the waterfall washed his face  
And, they say, spring stole a hasty glance.

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Peach blossoms grow pale on beholding you;  
Your frown troubles the hearts of buds;  
Your radiance is like salt on my old wounds —  
The wounds your love alone can heal.

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The stars said to the moon, 'Behold our assembly!  
What a pity you've chosen loneliness.'  
She looked at them and sighed and said,  
'O for some one to share my woes!'

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Dining on dainties, *kabaab* and scented rice,  
He says, belching food and morals,  
'Beware, friend, of the ultimate reckoning!  
Blest are the poor! Fasting ennobles the soul!'



## GHULAM HASAN BEG ARIF

b. 1910

Born at Anantnag. Worked as a teacher in Islamia Middle School, Anantnag after passing the Intermediate (Science) examination. Worked as a clerk at a ration depot and later as a laboratory assistant in S P College, Srinagar. Appointed Demonstrator in the same college after passing the B Sc examination from Islamia College, Lahore. Won a Govt scholarship and passed the M Sc examination in Zoology from Aligarh University in 1939. Appointed Deputy Director, Sericulture at the Jammu station in 1948. Appointed Director, Programmes, Radio Kashmir in 1948, but reverted to his post and then promoted to the post of Director, Sericulture in 1950. Sent to China on a 6 months' study tour. While at Lahore, lived next door to Iqbal who influenced him strongly and fostered in him a love for the Kashmiri language. Founded Bazme Adab in 1940. Represented Kashmir at the All-India Writers' Conference convened by the Sahitya Akademi. Was a member of the Kashmir Cultural Front and a member of the editorial board of *Kwong Posh*, journal of the progressive writers. Started the Bazme Adab journal, *Gulrez*, in 1952. Appointed member of the Language (Script) Commission. Started writing poems very early in Kashmiri and Urdu. Translated the Constitution of India into Kashmiri. Helped in the preparation of *The National Bibliography*. Translated Tagore's *Cycle of Spring* and 100 quatrains of Omar Khayyam into Kashmiri. Published his *Rubaayat* (3 vols) and a *masnavi* entitled *Laila*.



## RUBAĀYAAT

Siyaāsee dostee chhay kaagazee naav  
Tsū harfūky paāṭhy ath pyāṭh paan mo saav  
Pakun chhuy bronṭh bachanūchy thaav soorath  
Chhē vakhtūchi lahra doraan garzakuy vaav

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Shikaslad vōn yēmis sarmaayidaaran  
Vōnus haākim siyaāsee baāzygaaran  
Ditsūs humy myāṭ karūs yēmy zāṭ ti kaamūny  
Gareeban rang badlaan vuchh ayaaran

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Manaavaan jashni shaādee vuchh mē ablees  
Syāṭhaa bira baara atsanās logmut fees  
Dapaan tsājy akli vwony eemaanachee khay  
Kōḍum mazhab panun taārūm bēyan pees

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Kalas pyāṭh vot vōth mulamaaya traamas  
Khwochar aav labna ada ṭaakaara aamas  
Dyakas aav sharmi hōnd guma asni lājy sum  
Pato hasrat chhu apzis doom daamas

## QUATRAINS

Political friendship is a paper boat,  
Fit bed only for the foolish word.  
If you would fare forward, beware  
The wave of time and the wind of self-interest.

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The rich man called him scum, but fed him on his crumbs.  
The political juggler called him king and robbed him of  
his rags.

The poor have for ages seen  
The changing make-up of the knaves.

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Satan arranged a jolly fete —  
The crowds were huge, though the fees were high.  
Intellect is now clean of the rust of honesty,  
And religion is now an ace of trumps.

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When copper crowned the head, its gilt  
Wore off and dross stood all revealed.  
The brow perspired for shame, the hair laughed.  
Fraudulent show ends always thus.

Vata band gayi jangiyan hõnd zor aav  
Zyuth avaamuk muntakhab az yor aav  
Lori tsand khèyi phaaka haty akh baakh tshat  
Haa khwodaayo az ti bý chhus hor kaav

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Vuchhum aki vwoṭi mwokha sheran banaan shaal  
Yivaan yim labana hāsy aasaan mōyi vaal  
Pazyuk apazyuk karaan maahol kaāyim  
Vyandaan shastūr kalaay aasaan zalūry zaal

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Chikh dits āky bezabaan shury maaji babi sūsraay vātsh  
Tsyal vachhas dith baanhūre tas diginyi dwoda thatharaay  
vātsh  
Mē ti gayam gali zyav kōrum mē ti bezabaanee manz sadaa  
Kwodratas baba barūna aayam, phitratas thatharaay vātsh

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Gareebay mota bachi saālaab gaalyas  
Vanday traavyas bichaaras taaph zaalyas  
Zameenas aasmaanas āmysundūy zid  
Dohaa banyi heri bwona suy zool zaalyas

All traffic's closed; the troops are out to-day,  
For the people's elected chief has arrived.  
The baton struck the half-starved, eager fool  
Who cried, 'O Lord, now too it's I!'

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One leap shows the jackal with leonine face.  
Those who seem elephants lack the strength of a hair.  
In this world of strange dissembling,  
Spider webs assume the aspect of formidable iron walls.

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With the speechless baby's sudden cry,  
                                restless were the mother's breasts,  
And as she pressed them in a hurry,  
                                a spout of milk came gushing forth.  
I was speechless with amazement  
                                and a wordless cry escaped me too,  
At which Nature's breasts grew restless  
                                and seemed to burst with milk.

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Till the poor man dies, he is ruined by the flood;  
If the winter spares him, there's the heat that will burn.  
Nothing but hate for him fills the earth and the sky.  
But one day he'll make a bonfire of everything  
  above and below.



Aârifo pananyis swonas khwõt tsaan mo  
Yath na kaahavaṭ shòd vanee shòd maan mo  
Yuthna naaras manz gálith hyakh traam ral  
Daàny tsaálith paan bály mwola vaal mo

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Zahar khyath zindagee hãnz aash bekaar  
Ànyuv pyath aaftaabuk gaash bekaar  
Sulaymaan ñeshanuk yas rèyi na shokùy  
Tâmis rèyi kyut pakhan hònd vaash bekaar

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Chhu yàts bëhtar mè nish suy rind-i-maynosh  
Tsuvasi pyaṭh pyaṭh yëmis diyì mãstiyee hosh  
Tâmis darvesha sùndi khwota braari buth yas  
Yëmis vasi manz bihith Shetaan roposh

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Bü kara tath raàts hãnzi gaṭi gaash kworbaan  
Vuzaan yëmi vizi manas paanay chhu Kworaan  
Ameë vizi tshyan gatshaan shaàhee phakeeree  
Sikandar tashna Khâzras pyaala chaavaan

Arif, do not with baser metal alloy your gold!  
What the touchstone rejects is never pure.  
When you lie molten o'er the fire, take heed  
Against contamination by even a grain of copper.

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Vain is the hope of life after swallowing poison,  
Or the light of the sun when the eyes cannot see,  
And vain would wings be for the ant  
Which never knew the passion to climb Sulaiman.

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To me the drunken man, fallen at the crossroads,  
To whom wisdom might come with inebriation,  
Is far better than the dervish with seemingly innocent  
face,  
In whose very marrow Satan sits concealed.

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I'd sacrifice light to the darkness of that night  
When the Quran unfolds itself to the soul —  
That moment when king and beggar are equal made,  
And Sikandar holds the cup to the lips of thirsty Khizir.

Duhul yus raata kruûlas raat kaavas  
 Kachhas yus gaavi maza raazas pwolaavas  
 Vanav kath nazari paáz, rut kath khayaalas  
 Ákis ywosa eed, swoy döymis amaavas

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Ajab sodaagaree insaan maalüch  
 Chhè chaalaakan athas manz kunz khayaalüch  
 Shahanshaáhee nyètith gäyi, rooz path tsam  
 Avaamuk raaj tshüni mäsy looka daalüch

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Yi kentshaa dyut avaamas inkalaaban  
 Ajab takseem kôr tath laajavaaban  
 Hisas khatsa goli lookan, ðhela khaasan  
 Yiman dag dod, human aáshan sharaaban

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What is day to the bat is night to the crow.  
The cow relishes grass as the rich man scented rice.  
Which sight shall we call keen, whose thought noble?  
One man's feasting Id is another's fasting Amavas.

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Strange is the trade in human material!  
Clever men possess the key of ideas.  
Kings have shorn us. Now the skin remains,  
Which our new rulers will into mocassins turn.

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Strange was the division made by God  
Of the gains of political revolution —  
Bullets to the people, to the leaders wealth;  
These got pain and sickness, those affluence and wine!

Id and Amavasya — one, a day of feasting for the Muslims and  
the other, a day of fasting for the Hindus.





## DINA NATH WALI ALMAST

b. 1910

Born at Badiyar, Srinagar. Studied upto the Matriculation, after which he studied art at the Amarsingh Technical Institute. Specialised in water colour landscape painting. Tried modern painting, but gave up the experiment. Started writing in Kashmiri in 1935, his first poem, *Vèsy tsala hay tsala hay* being in the style of Arnyimaal. Joined the Cultural Congress as a sympathiser and wrote some socio-cultural poems, which were published under the title *Baala Yapaari* in 1956.

## GAZAL

Lola häty armaan myaānee chaani kala pèṭhy aalavith  
Tee agar marzee chhi chaānee chaani kala pèṭhy aalavith

Posh chhi kati butaraäts pyaṭh tim yim kathan  
chaanyan haraan  
Chaani khaätara Kaamadeev maa sworgakis baagas  
pharaan

Navbahaarüch gul fishaānee chaani kala pèṭhy aalavith  
Tee agar marzee chhi chaānee chaani kala pèṭhy aalavith

Kaala öbras manz chhi vuzamala prazalithüy dum yuth  
tulaan

Kaala dilasüy manz mè zwon chonuy talaatum tyuth tulaan  
Doṭh hish ashichee ravaānee chaani kala pèṭhy aalavith  
Tee agar marzee chhi chaānee chaani kala pèṭhy aalavith

Chaāny husnan chovnas bü dwotshi dwotshe aabe hayaat  
Lolanüy chaānee mè bakhshum mota ke gama nish najaat  
Aalavith duniyaayi faānee chaani kala pèṭhy aalavith  
Tee agar marzee chhi chaānee chaani kala pèṭhy aalavith

Yöd baṭhyan beran dühith niyi kwoli hanzüy mastaana  
chaal

Paathalis manz gäyi ruhith deeshith yi chaāny jaanaana  
chaal

Aalavith khoonüch ravaānee chaani kala pèṭhy aalavith  
Tee agar marzee chhi chaānee chaani kala pèṭhy aalavith

Marhaba khasavun yi yaavun, marhabaa husne jamaal  
Gav rahith Almast vüchhithüy tas musavira sund kamaal  
Musaviree myaāny gazalkhaānee chaani kala pèṭhy  
aalavith

Tee agar marzee chhi chaānee chaani kala pèṭhy aalavith

## GAZAL

I bring you as an offering  
My loving heart and longings.  
Whatever you bid me sacrifice,  
I'll sacrifice for you.

The earth has no such flowers  
As those falling from your lips.  
They were stolen by the God of Love  
From the garden of Paradise.  
Your beauty makes the blossoming buds  
Of spring look pale and plain.

Just as quick flashes of lightning  
Play havoc with black clouds,  
Your very thought creates a tumult  
In my gloomy breast.  
But though my tears fall like thick hail,  
They are nothing for your sake.

From your beauty I've freely drunk  
The immortal drink of life.  
Your love has given me freedom from  
The clammy fear of death.  
The entire mortal world, my love,  
I'd sacrifice for you.

The drunken mountain stream came down,  
Destroying banks and bounds;  
But as it saw you on the plain,  
It forgot to flow.  
The coursing of my warm blood  
I'd sacrifice for you.

May God bless your youth and grace!  
May your beauty never wane!  
Glory to that master's hand  
Who could paint this masterpiece!  
When I think of you, my love,  
What is my poet's and painter's skill?





## DINA NATH NADIM

b. 1916

Born at Habba Kadal, Srinagar. Studied at the S. P. College, Srinagar. Influenced by the freedom movement and the heroism of Bhagat Singh. Attempted writing in English at the age of 17. Influenced by Iqbal and Chakbast, he started writing verse in Urdu. Arrested during Sheikh Abdulla's national struggle in 1938, and all his poems were seized by the police and destroyed. First employed in a local school in 1940. Elected to the District National Conference in 1948-49. Started writing verse in Kashmiri in 1946. Joined the National Cultural Front in 1947 and the Communist Party in 1950. Elected General Secretary, Progressive Writers' Association in 1950. Member, National Cultural Congress from 49 to 52. General Secretary of this organization from 52 to 54. General Secretary, Kashmir Peace Committee, 51. Member, All-India Peace Conference, 51-53. Delegate to the Asian & Pacific Regions Peace Conference, Peking, 52. General Secretary, All State Cultural Conference, 54-56. President, Kashmir Teachers' Association, 55 onwards. Chairman, Kashmir National Theatre, 60. Elected member of the Sahitya Akademi, 55-57. Member, J & K Academy of Art, Culture and Languages, 60 onwards. Member, Advisory Board, Radio Kashmir, Srinagar, Text Book Advisory Board, Srinagar and State Educational Officers' Conference. Chairman, Kashmir Bhagat (Folk) Theatre. President, Kaashur Markaz, Srinagar. Assistant Director, Social Education, 65-69. General Secretary, Hindu Muslim Amity Council, 67. Principal, Lal Dyad Memorial High School, 63-65 and 69 onwards. Given Sovietland Nehru Award by the USSR in 1971.

## IRAADA

Vushun vushun, vwozul vwozul

Vwozul vwozul, vushun vushun

Vushun vwozul, vwozul vushun chhu khoon myon

Javaan chhus tuphaan hyoo janoon myon

Mé shok chhum Kasheeri pyaṭh fidaa gatshun ta jaan dyun

Bū vaav chhus mé kyaah karyam yi aavalun, yi aavalun

Malakh bānith pazyaa ḍalas andar bihun, khaṭith bihun

Banun chhu yup dushmanas chhu dyun lahun, chhu

dyun lahun

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Bū shaad chhus karun vatan aazaad chhum, aazaad chhum

Kāṭhyush kāḍith karun chaman aabaad chhum, aabaad

chhum

Vadun rivun pātyum ti vaara yaad chhum, mé yaad chhum

Növuy mé josh chhum növuy iraada chhum, muraad chhum

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Dazun, dāzith grazun me kōr ishaara naara vuzmalav

Taluk pyaṭhuk mé bov seer bekaraar zalzalav

Ragan mé khoon bōr növuy shaheed mazaara kyav gulav

Shihiny vwophun mé hov zyav mé āny bahaara bulbulav

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Yambürzalan ta sumbalan āchhan chhu növ khumaar hyoo

Gareeb greestis karaan ameer zaarapaara hyoo

Buḍith vwomedanūy chhu lwokachaar, növ bahaar hyoo

Dilas andar mé pron valvalaah chhu bekaraar hyoo

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

ā : pertain

āā : bird

e : male

é : met

o : go

ō : oasis

ũ : script

uũ : long ũ

wo : got

ṭ : till

ḍ : do

ts : tsar (Russian)

consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य

tsh : aspirate of ts

## DETERMINATION

Red and warm, red and warm!  
My blood is red and warm!  
My youth the force of a storm!

For Kashmir, my land, a martyr I would die;  
And whirlpools do not fill the wind with trepidation.  
Lulled in the Dal Lake, waves should not hide and linger.  
Let us become the flood and wash down the foe!  
That's why — that's why  
My blood is red and warm.

What joy to fight, O! for my country's liberation!  
To chase out the frost and make the garden bloom!  
My spurs are the unforgotten tears of yesterday.  
I have a new fire, a new determination.  
That's why — that's why  
My blood is red and warm.

Lightnings signal me to burn bright and thunder;  
Restless 'quakes point to a new apocalypse;  
Flowers blooming on martyrs' graves  
  give new blood to my veins;  
The love of vernal blossoms gives me the lion's roar.  
That's why — that's why  
My blood is red and warm.

The narcissus and the hyacinth have a new fire  
in their eyes;  
For the rich have learnt to kneel  
before the impecunious peasant.  
Spring and youth have come to bless grey-haired,  
wrinkled hopes,  
And centuries' old yearnings are tossing restless  
in my breast.  
That's why — that's why  
My blood is red and warm.



Dazan chhi myaany van, yiyam karaar kyaah, karaar kyaah  
Rivan chhi myaany gul, yiyam mè vaar kyaah, mè

vaar kyaah

Bü koñsalan ta phaasalan ti praara kyaah, bü praara kyaah  
Tulun mè naar chhum, karyam mè naar kyaah, mè

naar kyaah

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Iraada chhum bü haava yaavanuk bahaar aalamas

Bü sonta vaava paathy kara jigar nisaar aalamas

Rangan bü pananyi khoona, khaara mwol bü vaara

shabnamas

Banyith bunyul ta naar kara bü laara laar dushmanas

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

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## BÛ GYAVANA AZ

Bû gyavana az

gulan ta bulbulan ta sumbalan ta masvalan  
hõnduy khumaara hõt  
ta maara môt  
mòdur mòdur ta nyèndri hõt  
su nagma kaañh

Bû gyavana az su nagma kaañh

ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az

Gubaara gard jangachee khañan chhi rang masvalan

Ta dùhy bushanga janga kee tsañan chhi choñth bulbulan

Ta sumbalan apaary yapaary gatshaan chhwoñy chhu  
haañkalan

Ta vûzmalan bihith áchhan chhu zaal zan

Khàñith chhi kòh ta baal

Ta kaala òbur sangaran vâlith chhu naal zan

Bû gyavana az

ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz hól gándith

Kasheeri myaanyi zaag hyath

Bû gyavana az

Bû gyavana az Nishaat, Shaalamaar, aabshaara, laalazaar

kuy naram naram

pishul pishul

ta sabz sabz shabnamuk su nagma kaañh

Bû gyavana az su nagma kaañh

ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az

Be vaayi jaayi jaayi taapa kraayi zan chhi zaag hyath

Karan chhi aayi graayi yuth tsalan yi myon baag hyath

tavay chhu shaah ándüry gòmüt gulan

chhi laala daag hyath

## I WILL NOT SING TODAY

I will not sing today  
I will not sing  
Of roses and of bulbuls  
Of irises and hyacinths  
I will not sing  
Those drunken and ravishing  
Dulcet and sleepy-eyed songs  
No more such songs for me!  
I will not sing those songs today.  
Dust clouds of war have robbed the iris of her hue  
The bulbul lies silenced by the thunderous roar of guns  
Chains are all a-jingle in the haunts of hyacinths  
A haze has blinded lightning's eyes  
Hill and mountain lie crouched in fear  
And black death  
Holds all cloud tops in its embrace.  
I will not sing today  
For the wily warmonger with loins girt  
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today  
I will not sing  
Of Nishat and of Shalamar  
Of poppy beds and waterfalls  
Soft  
And silk-smooth melodies  
Of the green dew.  
I will not sing today  
For the determined scorcher  
Lies in hiding everywhere  
Waiting for a chance to blight whatever is in bloom.  
Roses hold their breath in fear  
The poppy nurses her stain



Jwoyan chhu güngúraaya pyaṭh ti páhra zan  
swoteyi kukili vaah  
ta byooṭh haari vanachi áhra zan

Bú gyavana az  
ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz hól gāṇḍith  
Kasheeri myaanyi zaag hyath

Bú gyavana az

Bú gyavana nav bahaara baala yaara ke amaara  
kuy rangaaba rang vwozul ta hor  
nyool sabaz tót ta shokh  
nagma kaañh

Bú gyavana az su nagma kaañh  
ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az

Bahaara súy chhi laar harda vaava ke zahaara chee  
Vanan andar avaara taaza shooviyaa chhi naara chee  
Sakhar chhi aadamas ti aadamee sūnde shikaara chee  
Yambürzalan tavay ṭapis chhi bana gamüts  
havaa tshēnith pyōmut, ta hee chhi  
thari bichaari tshyana gamüts

Bú gyavana az  
ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz hól gāṇḍith  
Kasheeri myaani zaag hyath

Bú gyavana az

Bú gyavana az khaahan khalan ta ḍoorinūy  
andar su daanda vaāly haāly sund  
nyandan hōnduy su guma bārith  
ti nagma kaañh

Bú gyavana az su nagma kaañh  
ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az

Khaahan chhu laavi nyaahli laavi daavi zuv nyumut  
Khalan chhu haalavan hānde yinuk ti paāra zan pyōmut

The stream's song  
The koel's plaint  
Have dried up in their hearts  
And the wild mynah is tongue-tied with fear.  
I will not sing today  
For the wily warmonger with loins girt  
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today  
I will not sing  
Of the yearning of first love and the blossoms of  
young spring  
For the autumn wind, poison fanged, is in hot  
pursuit of spring

The hot cry of fire is heard in every forest.  
Man has, alas, turned hunter of man!  
Behold the poor narcissus with unkempt hair  
The jessamine torn from the disconsolate vine  
The wind prostrate.  
I will not sing today  
For the wily warmonger with loins girt  
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today  
I will not sing  
Of the tiller in the rice fields  
Following his plough, sowing, weeding  
Transplanting  
A song bathed in the sweat of toil  
For the poison weeds have sapped earth's vitality  
Locust swarms are swooping down on ripe corn

Dyakan pyaṭhūy chhu khopha suūty guma zan shiṭhith  
gōmut

Palan chhu aavalun tswopaāry gath karaan  
ta gaasa taany krētyav  
krētith  
moola zan chhu rath haraan

Bū gyavana az  
ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz hōl gāṇdith  
Kasheeri myaanyi zaag hyath

Bū gyavana az — bū gyavana az  
twotaam ywotaam na

kōh ta baal  
khaah ta ḍoor  
gul ta posh  
zag ta prōn  
kumir ta kukili  
bol bosh

harud ta sōnt  
van ta baag, jwoyi ta aab, hee gwolaab  
shaalamaar, laalazaar, aabshaar, nav bahaar  
Zojibaal, Burzabaal, Nangabaal  
Sheeshinaag  
Vaavajan

Vaara kaara khopha rōst ta pāhra rōst ta āhra rōst

Bū bēyi vuchhakh

Ta tshimbara melavun

sulee

sulee — sulee

Iraada myaāny bēyi asan lasan basan

Ta rathi khasan muraad myaāny

To ṭoṭh myon — nundabon — baag son

Yōhōy panun panun vatan

yi bēyi vuchhan

aabaad aazaad ta khwosh yivun — bahaar hyoo  
ta lov lwokachaar hyoo

The sweat on every brow lies frozen with fear  
The whirlpool is dancing the Devil's dance  
The grass has withered and is bleeding at the roots.  
I will not sing today  
For the wily warmonger with loins girt  
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today  
I will not sing  
Until  
Hill and mountain  
Field and fallow  
Bud and blossom  
Red rice and white  
The koel's song  
Spring and fall  
Gardens, woods, rivulets, streams  
Jessamines, roses, poppies  
Cataracts and Shalamar with all the dower of spring  
Zojila and Burzal and the sky-kissing Nanga  
Sheshanag and Vaavajan  
Until all these I see again  
Freed from fear, siege and terror  
And at the earliest break of dawn  
Fulfilment greets my hopes  
Until my darling motherland smiles  
Like vernal bloom or innocence  
In freedom and in joy.



Bū gyava tēlee — bū gyava tēlee  
 ta sōnta phulūyi mōt gātshith bū gyava tēlee  
 nata twotaam gyavana gyavana zaañh  
 su nyēndri mōt khumaara hōt  
 bū soz kaañh

Tāvay bū nera — az bū nera — vath bū shera  
 bāṭhy ta bera sāmy karakh

Bū nēra tez nōv kalam ta shraakh hyath  
 ta dushmanan ta rāhzanan  
 bū nera phera ṭhaakh hyath

Dwokur kalam ta drot hyath  
 Īraada vot prot hyath

Bū phera jaayi jaayi shaayi shaayi pananyi aayi  
 prath balaayi drot hyath

ḍwokur kalam ta drot hyath

Rumav rumav bū guma kādith chhalan yi ṭoṭh baag son  
 yi nunda bon  
 baala jaar — lwokachaar  
 chon myon

Ta khōh ta khayi, khwoḍ ta layi bū noora suūty pooravakh

Bū gyavana az  
 Bū nera az

Dwokur kalam ta shraakh hyath  
 Īraada akh be baak hyath

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And then I will sing  
Drunk with the scent of spring.  
But never till such time  
Those dulcet tunes for me!  
But today I will go forth  
Not heeding any dangers  
With a sharp pen and a sharper sword.  
I will stall bandits  
With pen and hammer and sickle  
And a dauntless resolve.  
I will roam everywhere and face every danger  
With pen and hammer and sickle.  
With sweat from every pore  
I will wash my garden dear  
And I will fill with light  
Every gorge and pit and chasm.  
I will go forth  
With pen and hammer and sickle  
And a dauntless resolve.

warmonger — Pakistan.

Zojila, Burzal — mountain passes in the north.

Sheshnag — mountain lake on the way to Amarnath.

Vaavjan — 'the giant of winds'. Wind-swept mountain top after  
Sheshnag.

## SWO VIZ

Swo viz yèli myon gaàrath seena daàrith nyeri toophaanas  
Phuṭan dand harda vaavas zard rang gatshi kaala

asmaanas

Gatshan gagraayi dam phāṭy tuur khasi zardaar shetaanas  
Traṭan shaah losi naba grany kòl gatshith bēhi doori

vaàraanas

Swo viz yèli myon gaàrath seena daàrith nyeri

toophaanas

Swo viz yèli myaàny hyamath tsong laàgith pheri

asmaanas

Sūsar lagi vuzamalan din haājy baavan chaak daamaanas  
Lagan swona shraan bekas nyathananyan muphlis

kohastaanan

Vāṭith ganḍi naar òbras taarakan vuzi rēh shamaadaanan

Swo viz yèli myaàny hyamath tsong laàgith pheri

asmaanas

Swo viz yèli myaàny rahmat vaav laàgith atsi gulistaanas  
Vwothan thòd bara gamūty gul thòd vòthith gulzaar

vuzanaavan

Yambürzala lola phwok laáyith gwolaaban naar

vuzanaavan

Su yus kari dwon kunuy setaara tamiche taara

vuzanaavan

Swo viz yèli myaàny rahmat vaav laàgith atsi

gulistaanas

Swo viz yèli myaàny seerath choonyi laàgith nyeri

daamaanas

Khayaalan mushka ambar yin tamanaa vachh tsāṭith

nyeran

Bahaarūky jaama vāly vāly rāy gamūty armaan pòt pheran  
Buḍith hasrat lokūṭy gātshy gātshy khasan aki davi

satan heran

Swo viz yèli myaàny seerath choonyi laàgith nyeri

daamaanas

# TOMORROW

When my wakened ire hurls  
                    defiance at the storm,  
The autumn wind shall lick the dust,  
                    the blackest sky turn pale.  
Thunder will, stifled, die in her den,  
                    and opulent Satan shiver.  
The sky-quake fly to the distant wastes,  
                    and stand tongue-tied and stunned.

When my effulgent lamp of courage  
                roams the heavens high,  
Lightnings, however fierce, shall rend  
                their robes and tremble and die.  
The poor, naked, helpless hills  
                shall bathe in showers of gold.  
Cumulous clouds shall burst aflame,  
                and the lamps of stars grow bright.

When my gentle breeze of mercy  
    enters the *gulistan*,  
 Fallen flowers shall rise again,  
    the *gulzar* again wake up;  
 And the narcissi with the breath of love  
    wake up the roses' fire,  
 And wake up the strings of the holy lyre  
    of universal love.

And when I don a robe whose hem  
                is set with gems and pearls,  
Behold the fragrance in each thought!  
                And strangulated desire  
With the immortal sap of spring  
                will maddeningly return.  
Yearnings shall, grown young again,  
                bound up the seven stairs.



Swo viz yèli myaàny hyakmat sheri phuṭmut bakht  
insaanas  
 Kajyar tsali bezabaanan zyèvi hajar gatshi door tadbeeran  
 Gwolaaman pyan vāsith zolaana bèyi gatshi soor zanjeeran  
 Mazooran bosh khasi mèhnat kashan baḍi noor takdeeran  
 Swo viz yèli myaàny hyakmat sheri phuṭmut bakht  
insaanas

Kunuy gatshi dwon jahaanan lola mas gatshi aalamas  
jaàree  
 Jamhooruk taaj dith kari raaj laachaàree ta naadaàree  
 Vasan bwon zoon taarakh siriya pāthris pyaṭh saman  
saàree  
 Sāmith din meethy sheras naādimas azaad insaanas

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When my physic seeks to cure  
                                man's desperate ills at last,  
Fetters of all the slaves shall break,  
                                burn down and drop as ashes.  
The dumb shall speak, and guile and quibble  
                                no longer plague men's plans,  
Nor gnarled misshapen deformity  
                                the tree of destiny.

The here shall be the hereafter,  
                                and the wine of love flow free.  
The salt of the earth shall rule the world,  
                                crowned by Freedom's laws.  
The sun and the moon and the stars come down,  
                                and assemble here below,  
And bless and kiss the forehead  
                                of the meek, the great Free Man.

## PRÜTSHUN CHHUM

Dapaan poory kiny gaash lög baashi karane  
 Siyaah bakhtanüy mwokhta daamaana barane  
 Amaa aav panjaran yi maa bar mütsarane  
 Nabas pyaṭh khasun chhum sitaaran prütshun chhum

Tsäṭith seena baalan pakun tshaala maaran  
 Palan baaj hyath baaj dyun kohasaaran  
 Chhu kus shok aabas andar graayi maaran  
 Më anahārshyanüy aabshaaran prütshun chhum

Kasund khooni armaan chhu baalaadaryan manz  
 Kasund guma chhu larzaan paañ tsaadaryan manz  
 Kasund rath chhu zotaan vunyi hee tharyan manz  
 Nishaatan prütshun shaalamaaran prütshun chum

Chhi kämy khoon dith choonyi daamaana järymüty  
 Panun maaz dith saaz-o-saamaana gärymüty  
 Tsäṭith nam ta tsam kämy chhi durdaana gärymüty  
 Vachhav talakyanüy mwokhtahaaran prütshun chum

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## I WILL ASK

I see light lispings  
On eastern mountain heights.  
Has it come to stud with jewels  
The dark robes of the downtrodden?  
I must ascend the heavens  
And ask the stars to speak.

What desire is leaping  
In this restless stream,  
Cleaving the breasts of the hills,  
Frolicking and dancing,  
Rich with the rocks' tribute  
And giving the mountainsides a dower?  
I ask the virgin waterfalls.

Whose desire, strangulated,  
Lives in these pavilions?  
Whose drops of sweat are trembling  
In every waterfall?  
Whose blood still scintillates  
In every jessamine shrub?  
I ask Nishat and Shalamar.

Who with his heart's blood  
Studs hems with pearls  
And fashions his flesh  
Into ornaments of grace?  
Who courts his frame's extinction  
Chiselling jewels into form?  
I ask the pearl necklace  
Adorning Beauty's breast.



Khayaalan pyathüy thaana kòt taam rozan  
 Béhyas kahar-o-toofaan kòt taam rozan  
 Shòngith myaany armaan kòt taam rozan  
 Ti magroor sarmaayidaaran prùtshun chhum

Jamhooruk hishar aasi yas sholanaavun  
 Avaamuk bajar aasi thazi shaayi thaavun  
 Pazyaa shok tas advate nyèndri saavun  
 Mazooras prùtshun kaashkaaras prùtshun chhum

Zaras bosh zardaaranüy raaj rozyaa  
 Tsharyan lori kutnan saras taaj rozyaa  
 Akis tsòr ta hur byaakh mòhtaaj rozyaa  
 Vachhas pyath khàsith taajdaaran prùtshun chhum

Chhi aki shaayi dolat ta hashmat ta raahat  
 Ta bëyi shaayi nany tan tsharyar phaaka gòrbat  
 Chhi kami shaayi tim hyath kalamdaani gaarat  
 Adeeban ta fankaar yaaran prùtshun chhum

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How long can the lid  
On ideas remain?  
How long is it possible  
To anaesthetise the storm?  
How long can you force  
Yearnings to slumber?  
O proud and rich, reply.

He who would establish  
Democratic equality,  
Build a dignified monument  
To the greatness of the people,  
Should he let his aim  
Be trapped into slumber?  
Reply, O ye my people.

The rule of the rich man,  
The supremacy of wealth,  
The crown on hollow sticks,  
One man's surfeit with plenty,  
Another's pain in want —  
Can this remain for ever?  
Wearers of crowns, reply.

Wealth and pride and comfort  
Carousing on one side,  
While poverty, nakedness, hunger and want  
Stalk, not very far.  
I ask you, with your ireful pens,  
Poets and fellow artists,  
Which camp is yours?

## ZINDABAAD SHYAAMJEE

Tsè gôy naa kanan nôv gyavun baaji saane  
Dahâry baaji sane

Thôkukh kyaazi lar aḍ vate kyaazi traävûth  
Chhè vunyi kaâm baakûy nyandûr kyaazi praävûth  
Dyututh khoon baagas phulay kona chhaävûth  
Chhi nâv viz yivaan kona tsè ti aatshanaävûth  
Karun yas pazyaa tas marun baaji saane  
Dahâry baaji sane

Yi vanaham ti boozum  
Khaṭith chhaa? khabar chham  
Khabar chham davaa daari baapath tsû loosukh  
Khabar chham zi chhènyi haari baapath tsû loosukh  
Dyututh zuv hyôtuth zaañh ti maa pat tsû loosukh  
Iraadan navyan path karûth gath tsû loosukh  
Tasalee mè chhum zinda chhukh baaji saane  
Dahâry baaji saane

Tsû loosukh ta gav kyaah?  
Shòngith naar rozyaa?  
Tsû loosukh zitiny chaàny maa losi hargiz  
Zitiny banyi tyambûr braadi ma losi hargiz  
Tyambûr banyi tywongul braadi maa losi hargiz  
Tywongul naar banyi braadi maa losi hargiz  
Tavay nôv gyavun chhus gyavan baaji saane  
Dahâry baaji saane

â : pertain	ââ : bird	e : male	é : met
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## ON THE DEATH OF A COMRADE

Comrade! My comrade!

Don't you hear the new and brave song  
That we have learnt from you?

Tired? Why lie you down when the journey's not done?  
Wherefore should you slumber when our work is just  
begun?

Watered with your blood, won't you see the garden bloom?  
Won't you wait for a new time's dawn that'll be soon?  
Is it right for the architect of the future to assume  
Death, my comrade?

Don't I hear what you would say?  
Don't I know to what you were a prey?

Chill blasts of poverty made you fade before your noon;  
You couldn't afford the cure, — and your sun set soon!  
But even in the claws of death you remembered the  
plighted troth;  
To the flame of new resolves you played the happy moth!  
You cannot die, for you are the beacon on our path  
Forever, my comrade!

You are no more, — but what of that?  
Can fire forever slumber?

You are no more, but your fiery emanation can never die!  
It'll flower into a myriad sparks and grow, but never die!  
Dead coals, infected, will glow and grow, but never die!  
Coals blaze into a flaming fire and grow, but never die!  
My lyre has caught this tune, my song this stirring theme  
From you, my comrade!

Written on the death of Sham Lal Bakaya, a dedicated worker of  
the Cultural Congress.



# ME CHHAM AASH PAGAHÜCH

## I

Mè chham aash pagahüch  
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Dôhas gaash huri gul ta gulzaar prazalan  
Zameenas süsar lagi ta sabzaar prazalan  
Vachhas manz humis lola phañvaar prazalan  
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Kazul laaganay me gatshan àchh kazaàlee  
Vasyam dwod ta baba tēṇḍy gatshan me vwozaàlee  
Ta dahi vühüry dashahaar yiyi son saàlee  
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Kanan gatshi mè chaan myaan tsalyam vüy ta vaaye  
Vachhas tal mè tsēh tsēh karyam aayi graaye  
Laban losa kuṭhisüy khasyam moola maaye  
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Hu bar tsurnyi tály kan thāvith bozi lōt lōt  
Ta thāz kaār thaāvith sū bëyi neri pōt pōt  
Ta vanavun hyamas pōtra maālis yi sōt sōt  
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Yinam sādra pananyay vadav chhay mubaarak  
Bū chhas pōtra maāj chhātra boony phikri taarakh  
Hyamakh kwochhi hyavūny az bū maa kēñh ti praarakh  
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Dapaan jang chhu vwothavun  
Pagaah gōtsh na sapadun  
Pagaah sholi duniyaah  
Pagaah gōtsh na sapadun

## MY HOPE OF TOMORROW

### I

I dream of tomorrow  
When the world will be beautiful!

O how bright the day, how green the grass!  
Flowers paradisal, earth aching with joy,  
And dancing fountains of love in his breast!  
The world will be beautiful!

A rare confluence of happy stars!  
With my eyes sparkling without collyrium,  
Rose-red nipples, breasts swelling with milk —  
The world will be beautiful!

At the infant's first cry and sucking at my breasts,  
My pains will change into a thrill of joy  
And the walls of my room shine like gold.  
The world will be beautiful!

Drinking in the glad sounds through a crack in the door,  
He'll move out smiling, head proudly high,  
While I sing softly to my baby's father.  
The world will be beautiful!

Then friends will come, wishing me joy,  
Each with a gift of money for the child,  
While I, a proud mother, will display my treasure.  
The world will be beautiful!

They say war is breaking out,  
But surely not tomorrow  
When the world will be beautiful!  
It can't break out tomorrow!

II

Mè chham aash pagahùch  
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Bù dòh losanyan hyoo tharyan tshaayi praaras  
Ta Heemaal zan lola tay maayi praaras  
Gatshyas tser gam kyaah chhu be vaaya praaras  
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Su yiyi maayi mòt tshaayi hòl graayi maaran  
Bù aasay tãmis maali kity posh tsaaran  
Karyam kath bù roshas ta chhoo lagi ishaaran  
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Syaṭhaa hwoṅni ràṭytan bù thava kaâr bwon kun  
Ta yèli dàly ràṭyam tèli vùchhas ada àchhyan kun  
Ràṭyam naala ada òsh darun maa chhu mumkin  
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Thàvith kaâr kwochhi manz dilúky daàdy baavas  
Ta rwopa seena kee daag nazaraana thaavas  
Prùtshas bù tsè kava laäjythas lola daavas  
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Vanyam dòh chhi nãzdeek tshòh maari yaavun  
Chhu nàny paàṭhy asi lol haavun ta baavun  
Pàtyum path chhu traavun ta nòv nechhanaavun  
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Dapaan jang chhu vwothavun  
Pagaah gòtsh na sapaḍun  
Pagaah vaada chhum tas  
Pagaah gòtsh na sapaḍun

II

I dream of tomorrow  
When I have a rendezvous!

When the soft dark comes, I'll be a Heemaal  
Bursting with love, waiting behind the shrubs.  
He may be late, but I will be Patience.  
I have a rendezvous!

Then love's gait and footfall! He peers into every bush  
And finds me gathering flowers for his garland.  
He whispers my name, but I'm looking at the flowers.  
I have a rendezvous!

He begs, he entreats, but I do not lift my head.  
He clasps my knees and our eyes meet  
And I am in his arms. Who can hold back my tears?  
I have a rendezvous!

I pour out my woes, my head in his lap,  
Show him love's scars on my silver-pure heart,  
Ask him why he has enmeshed me thus.  
I have a rendezvous!

Then his pledge that youth and joy will meet  
And love no longer be fugitive.  
The past is past, let's welcome the dawn.  
I have a rendezvous!

They say war is breaking out,  
But surely not tomorrow  
When I have a rendezvous!  
It can't break out tomorrow!



### III

Më chham aash pagahüch  
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Yuthuy boza aalav tyuthuy bronṭha neras  
Raṭan naala mati zora ändy ändy bü pheras  
Nävis taaza gaasas pyaṭhüy jaay sheras  
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Thäkith aasi aamut gwoḍany paad naavas  
Ta mwöṭh döḡ divaan väly välee nyëndür paavas  
Ta nakha chee gāṭhür bröñh kanee nazri thaavas  
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Gāṭhri manz nävee gul ta gulzaar aasan  
Më chhiṭh jaani kana vaaji toomaar aasan  
Habeebas khatanhaäj kity dyaar aasan  
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Ivüny eez kity äsy palav nävy banaavav  
Ta kacha pooty joraah ti kworbaan thaavav  
Habas tsaṭa baajan shiriny baāgraavav  
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Dapaan jang chhu vwothavun  
Pagaah götsh na sapadun  
Shuryan mol vaatyam  
Pagaah götsh na sapadun

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III

I dream of tomorrow  
When my husband is coming!

I'll run to the door when he calls my name  
And, holding him tight, dance with delight.  
Then I'll make him a nice, soft couch of grass.  
My husband is coming!

He'll be footsore and weary; I'll wash his feet,  
Rub tired limbs gently and lull him to sleep,  
And keep the package he has brought home safe near his  
bed.

My husband is coming!

The package is a garden of flowers for me —  
Print for me, rings and pendants for Jaan  
And money for dear Habib's circumcision.  
My husband is coming!

We'll all have new clothes for the coming Id,  
A couple of lambs for sacrifice  
And sweets for all Habib's class-mates.  
My husband is coming!

They say war is breaking out,  
But surely not tomorrow  
When my husband is coming!  
It can't break out tomorrow!

## DAL HAANZNI HOND VATSUN

Taaza taaza mè anymay ðalay hay  
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay  
Phulayi vaaṅgan ta paārymi alay hay  
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Martsavaaṅgan ta vaaṅgan chhi byòn byòn  
Mas malari hyoo vaaṅgun chhu byòn byòn  
Naavi manz chhee karaan ṭhwola ṭhwolay hay  
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Taaza muji bōdy chhi hili tshaayi zotan  
Demba gwogjaah vwozūjy beeb khotan  
Zan sangarmaalanūy lājy phulay hay  
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Hay tsè latsh pēny tul vwony syaṭhaah chhuy  
Draaganūy maāry kyaah dee tsè raah chhuy  
Atha raṭee yath talay hay tsalay hay  
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Kyaah vanay pātymi brasvaari pyaayas  
Zor aāsim na lāṭhy zora draayas  
Dwoda hyaḍur trov mè phari talay hay  
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Aaraaval chhōt su chhum vaāṭa muj hyoo  
Chhōn ta nōn tuūri hōt sheena tuj hyoo  
Ōsh haraan aab zan pyaṭh khyalay hay  
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Nasti pambuchhaah kārith maāly sund hyoo  
Rempa buth zan lwokuṭ maaḡi hōnd hyoo  
Lēmbi chhu pamposh phōṭmut ðalay hay  
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Zan kanan chhum gatshaan shury vadun hyoo  
Zan vachhas tal gatshaan chhum brūtshun hyoo  
Az mè dēdy chham syaṭhaah pōt kalay hay  
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay



## SONG OF THE BOATWOMAN

I've brought them fresh from the lake —  
Come buy! come buy! come buy!  
Small brinjals and round big gourds —  
*Come buy! come buy! come buy!*

My chillies and brinjals are lying in heaps.  
And look at those big, wine-dark brinjals  
Banging their heads in boisterous play!  
*Come buy! come buy! come buy!*

Fresh radish gleaming in the shade of the weeds,  
Marsh turnip blushing like a belle —  
O my boat is like the flowering dawn!  
*Come buy! come buy! come buy!*

Come, enough! I've given you enough now!  
Remember, famine is stalking the land!  
I go now. Will you help me lift this basket?  
*Come buy! come buy! come buy!*

On Thursday last my child was born.  
I've no strength, but had to totter forth,  
Leaving behind the little baby.  
*Come buy! come buy! come buy!*

White like white radish or wild jessamine;  
Shivering naked, cold like a lump of ice,  
With big tears in bulging eyes, like drops on lotus leaves —  
*Come buy! come buy! come buy!*

His nose, like his father's, a lotus seed,  
But his tiny face so like his mother's —  
He's a lovely lotus springing from the lake mud!  
*Come buy! come buy! come buy!*

I hear a baby crying;  
Someone is whimpering at my breast!  
O my good woman, my heart is not here!  
*Come buy! come buy! come buy!*



## SON VATAN

Son vatan posh hyoo  
Taava hòt yaavun bahaaruk shaalamaaruk gosh hyoo  
Navi poshaakuk bosh hyoo  
Phwolavunuy pamposh hyoo  
Son vatan lola seeran hònd shihul sarposh hyoo  
Yaad pyomut osh hyoo

Asi vatan gulzaar hyoo  
Zan buthis gindy gindy chhu khòtmüt laalanüy  
vwozajaar hyoo

Toshivun sabzaar hyoo  
Son vatan navjavaanee hònd vushun khumaar hyoo  
Baala paanuk yaar hyoo

Asi vatan àchhy gaash hyoo  
Korimaàlis daji gāṇḍith zan paas swonachee chaash hyoo  
Poora gatshavüny aash hyoo  
Dwod chavun praagaash hyoo  
Gaama mózryèni zan māngith ònmut chhu jigaruk kaash  
hyoo

Yaavanüch ginda baash hyoo

Asi vatan rut gaam hyoo  
Thal ruvith zan bonyi shihlis gruüstis aaraam hyoo  
Dal dahis pyaṭh shaam hyoo  
Aadanuk baadaam hyoo  
Trela hyath yàtskaälly vòthmut gaama pyaṭha zan  
maam hyoo

Maaji hònd mwomadaam hyoo

Asi vatan jaamvaar hyoo  
Öngji pütsanith sütsni täly kòḍ twopagaryav gulzaar hyoo  
Reeshamuk shèhajaar hyoo  
Tosa anzüly daar hyoo  
Doony hachi pyaṭh tworka chhaány khònmut chhu  
zan lwokachhaar hyoo

Aasanuk amaar hyoo

## OUR MOTHERLAND

Our motherland —

A flower

The lusty prime of spring

A bower in Shalamar

Ardour of young innocence

Excitement of new clothes

Lovers uniting after a quarrel

A lotus in full bloom

Memory of one's love

A habitat of flowers

Children's cheeks flushed with joy

Delightful greenery

The drunkenness of youth

First love

The light of one's eyes

Pure gold for one's daughter

Hope nearing fulfilment

Infant dawn

Joy of the peasant woman adopting a child

The wild abandon of youth

A lovely village

Peasant's siesta after hard toil

An evening on the Dal Lake

A green almond

A long absent uncle arriving from the village

with a gift of apples

Sweetness flowing from mother's breasts

Softest wool

Garden conjured up by the embroiderer's needle

The cool feel of silk

A broad-bordered shawl

Youth carved on the walnut wood

The vision of plenty

Àsy chhi vatanũky raächhdar  
 Lal Dyedi hãnz aavaaz hyath  
 Haba Khotooni yus laluvmut lwoli andar suy saaz hyath  
 Àsy chhi az nõv saaz hyath  
 Sonta vaavuk bolavun may khwosh mōdur andaaz hyath

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We are her sentinels.

With the voice of Laldyad ringing in our ears,

The fire of Habba Khotan glowing in our hearts,

And with new music we stand today —

With sweet songs that sing on the lips of the spring breeze!

a long absent uncle — In Kashmir, whenever an uncle comes from a village, he brings a bag full of apples and other fruit for the children, for whom his arrival is a great joy.

Lad Dyad — Kashmir's first and greatest mystical poet.

Habba Khotan — the first great lyrical poet, a peasant girl from Pampur who became the consort of King Yusuf Shah Chak (16th century).



# TSE CHHEE NAA YAAD TIM DÖH

Tsë chhee naa lola myaane yaad tim döh  
 Gindaan os son yaavun 'tsoori tsoore'  
 Vuchhaan aäsy akh akis äsy doori doore  
 Karaan aäsy kaala pagahüch süts baraan döh  
 Na aasun krooth pyav haaras körün pöh  
 Chhênith pan pyav bahaaras laavi moore  
 Magar vunyi tsong loluk saani zoore  
 Chhu vuzavaan gaash gaṭakaaras karaan tòh  
 Amee aki gaashi lüyi thäv aash myaäne  
 Pakaan gav kaäfilaah saane amaaruk  
 Amaaran läjy phulay növ sont vwotalyav  
 Gulaalav phwolana vizi räṭ traay chaäne  
 Chhu vwosh chon khwosh havaa saane bahaaruk  
 Nävis samayas chhu chonuy nek partav

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## DON'T YOU REMEMBER THOSE DAYS?

Don't you, my sweetheart remember those days  
Of our young love, when we played hide and seek,  
And our eyes spoke as we stole furtive glances?  
O what excitement and what plans for every morrow!  
Fell grief came stalking in since I was poor.  
Green leaves on the tender branch decayed and fell  
In spring time. Bright June into chill December turned.  
But the lamp of love we lighted on our sconce  
Still blazes bright, making darkness dissolve.  
This shaft of love has kept alive my hope.  
When I moved with the moving caravan of world love,  
A new spring dawned, love blossoming everywhere.  
Tulips in bloom were so like you in bloom.  
Your sighs are the gentle breezes of our spring,  
And the new times bask in the radiance of your light.

## ZOON KHÂTS TSÔT HISH

Dôha aki kôha pâty zoon khâts tsôt hish  
 Naalas tshenymûtsa tanyi vatsha traāvith  
 Rwopa tanyi hanyi hanyi daag nānyiraāvith  
 Pana pana gāmûts pompûry pôt hish  
 Zoon khâts tsôt hish thâchmûts gôt hish  
 Zan mōzaryēni kas taam tshala raāvith  
 Thekadarān âky thāv pusharaāvith  
 Phuṭavaātis suūty rwopayaah khôt hish  
 Zoon khâts tsôt hish bwochhi lājy baalan  
 Öbran hyâts bëyi gājy tshēvaraavūny  
 Vana viginyav pyôv zan vwotha daanas  
 Bata kuly zan khâty sangarmaalan  
 Mē ti hēts phaaka phâris shēchh baavūny  
 Achh phiry phiry vuchh mē ti asmaanas

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## THE MOON

The moon rose from behind the mountain,  
Dressed in worn-out, threadbare, Pampur tweed;  
Open collar with frayed bands revealing  
Sad dark stains on silver-white skin;  
With a face like a big round loaf of bread;  
Dull like a false rupee a contractor  
Gives some ignorant woman labourer  
By guile, mixed with other coins.  
The moon a loaf, and the mountains hungry!  
The clouds put out again their kitchen fires,  
But the forest fairies lit their stoves  
And rice seemed to grow on mountain peaks.  
I gave the glad news to my starving belly  
And gazed with all eyes at the hopeful sky.

Pampur tweed — Pampur was famous for the best tweed woven in  
Kashmir.



## SUBADAM

Kunuy zòn yàts chhu paratshyòn gaasha taaruk  
 Māshit gomut chhu shaayad kaaravaanas  
 Chhu lōgmūt laāry kiny bechaara daaruk  
 Panūny tshaaraan divaan vāny aasmaanas  
 Gulaalan vuchh ta seenas gav tāmīs daag  
 Pathar shabnam bānyith volun dar aagosh  
 Zameenan duaa kōrus nāvnas kunis baag  
 Tharyan dukaveri pēy țooryan thanay posh  
 Nabas pyaṭh os kun bwon vōth syaṭhaa gav  
 Khwochar thazaruk tsōlus milatsaarasūy manz  
 Gulan manz gul ta lavi manz mwokhta sapadyav  
 Hayaatuk pay lōbun gulzaarasūy manz  
 Avaamas suūty yas gav myul sū brōñh pōk  
 Bēdun yus rood mánzilas vaatanay thōk

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## MORNING

Alone, the morning star is truly forlorn.  
Left behind by the shining caravan,  
The poor sojourner has lost his way  
And scans the sky for his comrades.  
The tulip, pitying his plight, dragged him down  
Into her lap in the form of dew;  
Bounteous earth blessed him with increase;  
Buds on bushes blossomed in twins.  
Alone in the sky, coming down he became many;  
Happy comradeship cured the false pride of height.  
A flower among flowers, and pearl in the breeze —  
The garden taught him the great secret of life.  
Erase your ego, and you move forward with the many;  
In isolation a bleak death crowns a pointless life.

## AMAN APEELI PYATH DASKHAT

Mê dôpmas kaagadas pyaṭh kar tsû daskhat  
Achhan kun tas vuchhum kyaaktaam sapdum

Tasünza tima chashma phölymüty hee vâthür zan  
Yambürzala bômbra rôs begaash joraah  
Divaan sâdras chhi vâny aakaash joraah  
Dwoday pyaalan apüz khâtsmüts chhi thur zan

Chhatis pamposhasüy zaamüty göbar zan  
Pragaashas zan kapütymüty kaash joraah  
Sangarmaalan hânzay ginda baash joraah  
Kôhas pyaṭh naaga pwokharyan manz ôbur zan

Muday gâñdith chhi praaraan zan pragaashas  
Tshanḍaan mwoniphäly chhi pyavanis shabnamas manz  
Vuphaan zan laava häty aalamas manz  
Zutsan hândy paäthy doraan zan chhi raashas

Mê dôpmas kaagadas pyaṭh kar tsû daskhat  
Vuṭhan pyaṭh vasnyi lôg maâsum asun tas  
Hyôtun ṭaaryan andar zan yup khasun tas  
Kalam saaraan vaaraah ôsh rôṭun path

Magar buthy phiry zû phéry ṭaaryan khasnyi lägy  
Mwolüly durdaana zan dukaveri zaamüty  
Chhi nooras vuchhnyi baagas ṭoory draamüty  
Gagus trovukh âchhar vaalan asnyi lägy

Mwochhe manz atha râṭith vônnam yi lôṭ lôṭ  
Sadaah vârishe âchhan hõnd gaash rovim  
Vachhe talakuy mê jigaruk kaash rovim  
Bamav golav mê kôrham yaavanas sôt  
Vadun sâry pëthy mê gav vwoñy vadana hargiz

Âchar vaalav dünan dits âsh phéryan dwon  
Pathar pëyi kaagadas pyaṭh mwokhta lar zan  
Hókhith gâý rwopa pâṭis pyaṭh swona achhar zan  
Chhi amanas raächh vünyi tim shola maaraan

## SIGNATURE ON THE PEACE APPEAL

I said, 'Sign on this paper.'

But when I looked into her eyes, I felt a stab of pain.

Those lightless eyes, two petals of blossoming jessamine,  
Two narcissi unvisited by bees,  
Cloudless skies scanning the placid lake,  
Empty froth on two cups of milk,

Twin infants of a white lotus,  
Two slices cut from the earliest dawn,  
Two peaks laughing in the morning light,  
Two clouds nestling in mountain springs,

Gazed, as if waiting for the dawn,  
Or looking for pearls in the morning dew,  
Or taking flight from this dark world  
Like dancing sparks in an upward blaze.

I said, 'Sign on this paper.'

An innocent smile played upon her lips,  
But floods gathered in her eyes.  
Groping for the pen, she held them back,

But two obstinate tears rolled out —  
Two precious pearls,  
Two buds burst forth to greet the light —  
And swung on the eyelashes and laughed.

Taking my hand in hers, she whispered,  
'It's war that snatched my infant child,  
My life's bloom, the light of my eyes!  
But I've steeled myself to live again.'

The trembling tears, shaken off by the eyelashes,  
Dropped like pearls on the paper,  
And dried up like golden writing on a silver plate —  
To remain for ever two vigilant guardians of peace.



## LAKHCHUN

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun  
Bumi hânzi sumi tal  
Siriya prazalvun  
Zan Naagyraayas  
Yaari âkis tal  
Manka chhu môthmut  
Balapooris tshaaraan Heemaal  
    Nata aasmaanas rwonyi daamaanas  
    Ôbras kwochhi kyath sangarmaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun  
Hwonji hânzi lanji pyaṭh  
Mwokhta prazalvun  
Zan Mājloonas Nājda vanas manz  
Khaab chhu aamut  
Laal chhi praaraan ṭhari dith baal  
    Nata zan raâts chhu buthi pyaṭha tulmut  
    Shabnam tath chhu banyomut khaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun  
Dyaka kuy ṭika zan  
Taaph prazalvun  
Sangal deepūchi rwonyi padmaane  
Praagaashan dyaka myooṭh chhu dyutmut  
Noorjahaanaa hoor misaal  
    Nata zan haranan kwola saras kun  
    Vana pyaṭha neemûts tshyaph dith tshaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun  
Ath chhuna mwolavun  
Laal prazalvun  
Guli laalas zan  
Chhwokalad vachhakuy

## THE MOLE

Lakhchi's mole  
Below the parting of brows  
Is like the radiant sun,  
Or the gleaming jewel  
Naagyraay left  
Under a pine  
On his way to Balapur to meet Heemaal,  
Or bright bells pendent in the sky's border,  
Or dawn nestling in the lap of clouds.

Lakhchi's mole  
On a branch  
Of her flowering face  
Shines like a pearl,  
Like Majnu's dream  
In the desert of Najd  
Of Leila waiting behind the hill,  
Or like the essence of the crystalline dew  
Which the night has removed from her face.

She has a mole  
On her forehead  
Like a beauty mark  
Scattering sunshine;  
Like beauteous princess  
Of Sangal Deep  
Kissed on the forehead by bright dawn;  
Or Noor Jehan, beauty without compeer;  
Or a timorous deer from the edge of the wood  
Bounding all of a sudden to Kola Sar.

She has a mole  
Priceless  
A shining ruby,  
Or the darksome stain  
In the wounded heart

Daag vwozum hyöt  
 Dakalad zoonye  
 Gaashas gaṭa hish naālee naal  
     Nata shafkan kār shaamūchi tshaaye  
     Kapṭith pātaryan bindaryan maal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun  
 Hanga talakanya kuy  
 Door prazalvun  
 Harmwokha pyaṭha che  
 Prēnyi shinamaanye  
 Vuzamali zan vūny  
 Bosa chhu kōrmuṭ  
 Bōmbaras praaraan swondarmaal  
     Nata zan vana sūy manz Seetaaye  
     Āsh ḍal aamut maalaamaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun  
 Shaah ragi hyōr kun  
 Lol prazalvun  
 Zan dēdi myaanye  
 Vachha tala rōchhmut  
 Mwoni phōl āchh hōnd  
 Chhēnyi mōhbata suūty ōnmūṭ maal  
     Nata aki gārbēnyi kana manza tsaārith  
     Phali phali tujmūts lēji kits tsaal

ā : pertain	aā : bird	e : male	é : met
o : go	ō : oasis	ū : script	uū : long ū
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य		tsh : aspirate of ts	

Of the tulip, borrowed  
By the jilted moon;  
Light and darkness in close embrace;  
Or dusk making a garland  
Of pieces cut from the evening's shadows.

She has a mole  
Below the temple,  
An earring glowing  
Like the kiss of lightning  
On the spotless snows  
Of Harmukh Glacier;  
A maiden glowing before the love tryst;  
Or in the lonely forest, Sita's eyes  
Brimming over with tears like lakes.

She has a mole  
Above her artery  
Pulsating love,  
As if a mother  
Nursed in her heart  
The jewel of her eyes,  
Whom she rears with love alone;  
Joy of the poor woman who has gleaned from husk  
Grain by grain, a handful of rice.

the gleaming jewel Naagyraay left — It is believed that all kings  
of the Nagas (cobras) had a gleaming jewel in their heads.  
Naagyraay would leave his jewel under a pine before assuming  
human form to meet his beloved, Heemaal.  
Najd — the desert in which the lover Majnu roamed as a mad man.  
Harmukh Glacier — in Kashmir,



## AADANUK POSH

Vaari vuchhum kun poshaa phòlmüt shokh gulaalaa paaraa  
hyoo

Dilasüy zan vushaneraa phyoorum chëshman pyom  
shèhjaaraa hyoo

Mòt yaavun zan pòt aam pheerith haavasanüy zan  
shaahphyur gom

Dwosi pyaṭh vèsi suüty tshyaph dith aamut katha  
karane lwokachaaraa hyoo

Hóchhmütsi kaanüji lari phyur zan dyut dramanan kòr  
béyi zuvanuk sanz

Zan draav buji Kujidédi kun zenányi göbraa tankhaadaraa  
hyoo

Samayüchi hwonji zan lakhchun prazalyav chamanan  
zan ràṭ sontas say

Chilay kalaanuk taapa dòhaa akh maagas baasyom  
haaraa hyoo

Havahas zan lájy maánzaa paadan tshaṭi trov lòt  
maaharènyi raftaar

Hardazadas gulzaaras zan gòṇḍ pyètran ranga dastaaraa  
hyoo

Muday gāṇḍith mè thali thali vuchhmas dōpmas nāvinay  
kunisüy baag

Daagaah hyath büti zindagee sulavaan tsèti daadyuk  
izhaaraa hyoo

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## THE FIRST FLOWER

I saw a bright red tulip flower,  
The only one in bloom.  
It gave my heart a warmth, while cool  
Sensations laved my eyes.

Drunken youth came back to me,  
Reviving desires forgotten;  
Childhood stole to the garden wall  
To whisper to her friend.

The withered grass too stirred with life,  
The lawn planned life again  
Like a poor old mother who proudly sees  
Her son start earning a living.

The beauty spot on Time's face glowed  
With this earnest of the spring;  
A sunny day in dreary midwinter  
Turned December into June.

The air put henna on her feet,  
The wind paced softly like a bride;  
The autumn-blighted rose garden appeared  
Like a bridegroom with a turban his uncle has tied.

I gazed and said, 'O solitary flower,  
May your garden bloom!  
I pass my days nursing a pain,  
And you too embody a pain.'

turban—among Kashmiri Pandits, the bridegroom's turban is  
always tied by his uncle.

## NAABAD TA TYAṬHAVYAN

Bijlee bati ándy ándy máhy joraa  
 Veegis pyaṭh maharény maharaaza  
 Huth kuly shihilis tal Tekabaṭany  
 Vuny draamüts vóby kiny choka livith  
 Kastaany saály vudini ándüry guma ḍály  
 Sumbal mushkan dárichas daka dyut  
 Manzgaami chhu phólmut tsandan kul  
 Neelis pardas vátsh thatharaayaa  
 Kalpataraa maa shraanas draamüts  
 Guldaanas manz dwon ṭooryan pyaṭh  
 Dwon sarphan hónd aakaaraa hyoo  
 Ándy pákhy sódaraa Sheeshenaagas  
 Pamphoshas thana pyomut Bramaa  
 Búngüryan gav chhwony chhwony aána ándüry  
 Mè chhu baasaan raäts hánza baah aasan  
 Huth parḍas pàty kiny katha kath hish  
 Dwoshavüy daaryav kiny áchh joraah  
 Kaätsaah baji kaätsaah maayi bārith  
 Mudayaah vuṭha kumajaaraah gilanaah  
 Reeshüm reeshüm narmee narmee  
 Khúra patji chhi vátshmüts sheena maányaa  
 Boonyaa bajaraa bëyi shéhajaraa  
 Sarvaa syazaraa bëyi vwonatsaaraa  
 Swonachicharan vuph tujoy arshas khòt  
 Dyava minyimari vwoṭh laáy hùka naaras  
 Kuntée maa Karanan aalav dyut  
 Nigiye manz shaayad shur thana pyav  
 Áchh toṭur labi pyaṭh tasveeran  
 Mòzryèni kār dahi dóhy ruünyis kath  
 Tsandaram loosith nēhagaṭi andar  
 Chhòt rakh laágith Mariyam lôt lôt  
 Humi kōha daamüny gāyi tshyaph dith kòt



## THE BITTER AND THE SWEET

Two moths gyrating round a lamp.  
Bride and bridegroom on the *vyoog*.  
What compulsion brought her to that tree's shade?  
Having swabbed the kitchen, Teka Baṭany  
Has just appeared at the ventilator.  
Some belle, perspiring under her shawl,  
Fear and fire consuming her,  
As hyacinth fragrance pushes the window.  
In Manzgam the sandal tree has blossomed.  
The blue curtain is all a-flutter —  
Perhaps Cleopatra's moving towards her bath.  
Twin buds in a flower vase  
Poised to strike like hooded snakes.  
Sheshanag in his ocean home.  
Brahma born of a lotus flower.  
Sound of bangles and whispered speech  
Behind that curtain in that room.  
I think it's now the middle of the night.  
A pair of eyes behind the window panes —  
O how big and how passionate!  
Devouring gaze, hungry lips, toss of the head!  
Smooth silk with softness irresistible —  
An avalanche is sliding down that slope!  
How big and cool the bulging chenar  
And how straight and lofty the cypress!  
The monal shot upwards with wingèd speed  
And, like a fawn, leapt into the glen.  
Convulsed with rage, Karana shouting at Kunti!  
In that manger, a child is born!  
Frowning look in the pictures on the wall!  
The worker's wife talks to her husband  
Breaking ten days' ice.  
After the setting of the moon, in pitch dark,  
Where has Mary, draped in white, with soft  
And furtive gait, gone round that hill?



Sahras buthisüy vwoshalüny khaaraa  
 Kana tēhji chhi vwozlemütsa öbras  
 Chhala chaangür gāyi vaavas zulfan  
 Kachh sorüy gav guma sāry baagas  
 Hēri bwona aāvij zaāvij hee thār  
 Manzbaagan thazaraa vwozajaaraa  
 Naabad tyāṭhavyan tyāṭhavyan naabad  
 Pāchy Shikuntalaa bëyi maalyun kun

ä : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	é : met
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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुद्य		tsh : aspirate of ts	

The face of the dawn is hectic red,  
The clouds blushing to the lobes of the ears,  
The winds with dishevelled hair  
And all grass in the garden soaked with sweat.  
The tender, graceful jessamine plant  
Is slightly bulging in the middle.  
The bitter and the sweet are woven fine.  
Shakuntala moves again to her father's home.

moths — This image does not suggest sacrifice but sexual urge.  
vyoog — a circle, gaily decorated with pastel and mud colours on  
which the bride joins the bridegroom at a Kashmiri Pandit  
wedding.

Teka Baṭany — name of a Kashmiri Pandit girl. It may not refer  
to any specific person.

Karana shouting at Kunti — the rage of Karana at the revelation  
of the truth about his birth by his mother who had abandoned  
him when he was born before her marriage. She now wanted  
him to desert the Kauravas and fight against them.

Shakuntala — who was jilted by her lover, King Dushyanta, when  
she was already with child by him.



## NOOR MOHAMMAD ROSHAN

b. 1919

Born at Khanayar, Srinagar. Surname originally Kaul. Came under the influence of the progressive writers even before he passed the B A examination. Was one of the first to join the Cultural Congress. Translated Munshi Prem Chand's *Godaan* into Kashmiri. Stopped writing poetry altogether in 1960. Has now set up a silk factory in Srinagar.



## SHAHEED SŪNZ MAĀJ

Magar chham khabar gēny ḍyakas kyaazi khaārūth  
 Buman chaar dith zan kamaan kyaazi chaārūth  
 Vūchhith haal myonuy dōgūny kaār maārūth  
 Mē kath chham amich graav yi van baagvaanan  
 Timan yim na vaadas vwofaa poor zaanan  
 Tsyatas paāvy paāvy yim na zaanh myon maanan  
 Yōhōy daag laalas chhu naa laala myaane  
 Jigar paara myaane ta āchh gaash myaane  
 Chhasay maāj aamūts shaheedo salaame

Vanay kyaah vatan aḍvātis vaatanaāvith  
 Vatan pyaṭh shaheedan hōnduy khoon traāvith  
 Bihith praāny konoon roody shaana thaāvith  
 Na zonukh manzil maa chhu dooris mukaamas  
 Na zonukh vatan maa chhu manz girdiaabas  
 Phirūkh thar ta roody dola zan kaaravaanas  
 Rōngukh buth ta az aay thazar haavane  
 Bajar haāvy haāvy posh chhākaraavane

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## THE MARTYR'S MOTHER

(at his grave)

I know why you have raised your brows,  
Arching them like a bow drawn tight.  
On seeing my plight, you've bent your head.  
But ask your friends to explain — not me!  
They are lavish with promises that have never been kept.  
I've reminded them often, but they never listened to me.  
That's my grief, my son, the light of my eyes!  
O martyr! your mother has come to salute you!

While there was many a mile to go  
And the road still wet with the martyrs' blood,  
They rested, using old laws as pillows.  
They forgot the distant goal,  
The motherland caught in the whirlpool,  
And turned their back on the caravan.  
With painted grief they've come today,  
Offering flowers — not to salute you, my son,  
But to show how great they are!

martyr — one of those killed in the first uprising on 13 July, 1931.

## BAHAAR

Yuthuy baala pêthy sonta vaavan tarun hyôt  
Vâṭith ôbranûy dupṭanûy taah karun hyôt  
Naban neejaraah neela krenkuk harun hyôt  
Siree asani lôg doori tentaali pâty kiny  
Sangarmaali zan hoori aarak hêtin yiny  
Hyâtsûn daamanas tal vuzûny joyinûy diny  
Yi vuchh aaraavûy draay thapi thaari laaraan  
Palav pêthy dwodas zan ti chhwokh aasy khaaraan  
Dyakas meethy dee dee vanan aabshaaran  
Panun maary môt az bahaaraah chhu aamut

Yi boozith chhamban chharinûy drûh dyakas tsâjy  
Vanan vaarinûy zan ti sūsaraay hish lâjy  
Yambûrzal ta mâtṣ masvalaah baagasûy phôjy  
Yi zan maarymânz vaaryvûy haâr aamûts  
Hayaah vyâts thāvith bwon kunuy kaâr aamûts  
Bârith sworma ṭaaryan chhi achhidaâr aamûts  
Yuthuy chashma mutsryan vuchhun laala aamut  
Su mastaana sumbal chhu kami haala aamut  
Madanvaar hyoo zan ta phirasaala aamut  
Vanaan maayi myaane bahaaraah chhu aamut

Phwolaan asavûne chaanṭi baaman yivaan gây  
Yimay dwodahyaḍar hee thana zan pyavaan gây  
Ta shôd sheer zan dwodji praatsav chavaan gây  
Su sabzaar baagas andar os zaamut  
Sabaz pomburaah hish vâlith os aamut  
Phulay chhaavane zan khwojaah os draamut  
Râṭith naala vaavas gindaan zan ishaaran  
Dûnan poshi kulinûy divaan os dyaaran  
Chavaan shabnamuk mas vanaan os yaaran  
Su durdaana dilbar bahaarah chhu aamut

Vuchhum baagasûy az nôvuy rosh hyoo os  
Thari pyaṭh yi zan phwolavunuy posh hyoo os  
Yi zan maaji kwochhi manz jigar gosh hyoo os



## SPRING

When the spring breeze crossed over the mountain,  
The clouds packed up their dull grey shawls;  
The sky turned blue as a sapphire;  
The sun laughed from behind the distant peaks;  
The mountain snow perspired like a bashful nymph in  
confusion,

Giving birth under her mantle to infant rills.  
Beholding this, streams leapt wildly forth,  
Bounding over rocks like churned, foaming milk,  
And kissing on the forehead the waterfalls,  
They cried, 'Our darling spring has come!'

The wrinkled brow of the earth got smoothened  
And a wild thrill ran through woods and farms;  
The narcissus and the iris blossomed;  
The mynah, with her neck arched coyly —  
Like one returning from an urgent love tryst —  
Opened her collyrium-sparkling eyes.  
She saw the tulip already arrived,  
And the youthful hyacinth, beautiful as a bridegroom,  
Who said, 'My darling spring has come!'

Then blossoming buds arrived in flocks  
With smiling mouths like tender, nascent mushrooms,  
Or tiny babes replete at mothers' breasts;  
Young blades of grass shot forth, and the earth,  
Like a *khawaja* in a light green shawl  
With his eyes laved with Nature's living hues,  
Held the breeze in a tight embrace,  
And drunk with the dew and the blossoming boughs  
'Behold!' she said, 'My darling spring!'

Nature is not the same today.  
The single, new-born flower on the bough  
Is like a precious infant in its mother's arms;



Chhu yàtskaäly az bonyi sabzaar aamut  
 Buḍith naanyi zan bëyi su lwokachaar aamut  
 Yi zan saayi sarakuy ta shéhajaar aamut  
 Rangith jaama vwozalee chhu gulilaala toshan  
 Baraan navjavaanee hönduy josh poshan  
 Vuchhith bulbulaah zan gyavaan os Roshan  
 Mè az lola vatnas bahaaraah chhu aamut

ä : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	è : met
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Like youth revisiting an old grandmother  
Is the ancient chenar's pubescent green —  
O what green shield and what green shade!  
The tulip, frolicking in a bright red dress,  
Infects the flowers with the joy of life.  
And Roshan like a bulbul sings in ecstasy,  
'I've found a blazing bright fire today,  
For spring has returned to my world of love.'

## TUKH

Vuchhum pamposhisüy aàs paatikee paaṭhy valna  
aamüts hil  
 Yi zan aàs baala paanay haala kamitaany zaala lājymüts  
gil  
 Mè zon zaāhir khabar kāṃy zaaliman zolaana kārymüty  
chhis  
 Pato ðyoothum gömut os zulfanüy mänz band yi myonuy  
dil

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Raboodaah hyoo gömut Iblees pheraan os aasmaanas  
 Zameen traāvith khōtukh kava yor pruthshus yēli zaati  
Rahmaanan  
 Araz kōrnas Ilaāhi chhapnyi aas yōt kaañpanyomut chhus  
 Mè soruy kaari shetaāni muhit nyoomut chhu insaanan

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## QUATRAINS

I saw a lovely lotus flower, with silken weeds round  
it coiled,  
Like a girl in youthful bloom caught in a web of  
circumstance.  
I thought perhaps some tyrant had caught it in its snare —  
But I found it was my own heart enmeshed in lovely tresses.

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Seeing Satan roaming in the heavens, breathless and  
aghast,  
God said, 'Why come up here, when your work is down  
below?'  
He pleaded, 'God, I've come to hide! I'm stunned by  
what I see,  
For man has mastered all my art — there's nothing left  
for me.'





## GHULAM NABI FIRAQ

b. 1922

Born at Srinagar. Orphaned at an early age. Passed the B A examination in 1947. Worked first as a school teacher and later as librarian in S P College, Srinagar. Passed the M A examination in English and appointed lecturer in the same college in 1949. Started writing in Urdu in 1947. His first Kashmiri poem, *Kāsheer*, appeared in *Kwong Posh*. Became an intimate friend of Abdul Rahman Rahi and both published their poems together under the title *Yim saāny aalav*. In his first phase, strongly influenced by socialism. Joined the Communist Party in 1953. Worked enthusiastically to popularise Kashmiri as the cultural medium. Organized with Rahi, Kamil and Pran Kishore the Kashmir Cultural Centre. Translated numerous English and Persian poems into Kashmiri. Attempted unrhymed and free verse. Has also written critical essays. Literary influences: Firaq Gorakhpuri and the English Romantic poets.

## SUBAAH

Taarakan shak gav chhu kastaam aav aav tim tsoori roody  
 Aasmaanan log zaavyul reeshmee shafkuk libaas  
 Raäts lötsaraävy jaanavaaran ðääry gay bedaar tim  
 Shraan karne ðal dahis kun aav laaraan aabshaar  
 Bulbulav hyëty zeero bam chaärith gyavüny nävy nävy  
gazal  
 Nyëndri vöthithüy laägy sangarmaali zarbaafüky palav  
 Shabnamaah lög mwokhtaphöty baagas andar  
chhákraavane  
 Poshì ðooryav hyöt barun bevaayi suy halman tswopaäry  
 Khwosh havaavan naafa möl badanas ta mushküny daar  
våtsh  
 Aaftaabas södra khwonyi manz aäna vuchhanuk shok gav  
 Paan paäraävith tavay khöt baala daamüny shoka saan

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## MORNING

The stars hid themselves, feeling some one was soon  
arriving,  
But the sky draped itself in fine robes of silken dawn;  
The birds woke up, for the night had gently  
rubbed their heavy eyes;  
Tumbling in haste, the waterfall rushed to bathe in  
the lake;  
Tuning their lyres, the bulbuls began to sing new songs;  
The eastern peaks on waking up dressed themselves in  
brocade;  
The dew started scattering basketfuls of pearls  
Which flower buds everywhere gathered in their robes;  
Musk-anointed soft breeze filled the air with fragrance;  
And eager to see his face reflected in the mirror of the  
mountain lake,  
The sun in all his splendour climbed the hill with joy.



## BULBULAS KUN

Ajeebûy tsû chhukh bulbulo jaanavaaraah  
Bèkhabree andar aalavaah shokh loyuth  
Yi dil saada dil myon phalavaây kòrthan  
Tsihis manz tsè badlovthan myon duniyaah  
Gulav bulbulav sonta sabzaara bòrthan  
Bû osus phiraan pron yoonaâny ðraamaa  
Panun paan mâshrith panun shok chaavaan  
Paraan zindagee hânz môdûr badshaah kath  
Kithâny nyaay nâvy nâvy vwothaan nyaay saavaan  
Kulis tal rwophûy rwoph chhu yus hêri tay bwon  
Tsè mizraab loyuth phulay hyâts mè chhaavûny  
Dilan ðora dyut shokachyan gaañta beran  
Baahaaras chhu aazat nazar raavaraavûny  
Vuchhum siriyi prazlaan neelis nabas pyaṭh  
Hanaa door prôn sheen hyoo ôbra langaah  
Bû zan tsaas mahboob hyath vâshy akis manz  
Khôtus laânki pyaṭh dwon ḍalan tulni mojaah  
Achaanak kuṭhis bar mutsur myaâny yaaran  
Mè khaabûy vuḍith gav bû bedaar sapdus  
Turûny sheena tshaṭh tsaayi zan hamla aavar  
Lobum paan tâtithûy yâtyath vuny bû osus  
Kuṭhis manz bû chhus daari darvaaza trôparith  
Shishar gaânṭa prath tarpha zan sheesha prazlaan  
Nabas az ti tsaadar vâlith kaala ôbrûch  
Turun vaav dwodamaaji hònd yaad paavaan  
Kunuy bonyi vâthraa chhu yath bonyi shaakhas  
Bèhyas laash zan phaânsi kooṭis avezaan  
Panun mad panun dôh panun shaan maagas  
Bêbis manz bârith naara kaangûr chhi haanaan  
Ajeebûy tsû chhukh bulbulo jaanavaaraah  
Karaamat karaan chaâny madumaâty aalav  
Hamaakat magar chon êhsaan mâshrun  
Vandas manz bû phiranovthas poshi margav.

## TO THE BULBUL

O bulbul, strange bird!  
Your loud call was so very sudden  
That my sad heart gave one wild leap,  
For in a flash my world was quite transformed —  
Full of roses, bulbuls and spring verdure.

I had been reading a Greek play,  
My mind absorbed, my fancy feeding  
On a king's story, so true to life,  
Where new strife treads on the heels of the old.

Though silver lay on the tree and around,  
When you struck your harp, blossoms came  
And my wingèd fancy soared to heaven —  
Spring often does bewitch one's eyes.

The sun shone bright in an azure sky;  
A snow-white cloud sailed, not very far.  
We stood, enraptured, gazing at the lake,  
My love and I, in an island bower.

Suddenly some one knocked at the door.  
Fled was the dream and I was awake.  
A cold gust rushed in like a raider,  
And back I was where I had been.

I have fastened doors and windows;  
Icicles on all sides sparkle like glass;  
A black cloud blanket wraps up the sky;  
A chill wind pierces the marrow of my bones.

The last chenar leaf on the branch  
Hangs withered and lifeless like a corpse.  
Drunk with power, Midwinter has his day.  
Even the fire pot we cling to is cold.

You are a strange bird, O bulbul!  
How can I forget that in dreary midwinter  
You made me roam in flowering meadows?



## MOHAMMAD AMIN KAMIL

b. 1924

Born at Srinagar. Passed the B A examination from S P College, Srinagar. Obtained the degree in law from the Aligarh University. Worked for some time as lecturer in Urdu in S P College, Srinagar. Later, practised as a lawyer in Srinagar. Now, editor, Urdu-Kashmiri section in the Cultural Academy, and also on the editorial board of the Kashmiri Dictionary, which is under preparation. Has published *Mas Malur*, *Lava ta Prava*, *Bèyi Suy Paan*, *Gaṭi Manz Gaash* (a novel), *Kathi Manza Kath* (short stories), *Soofee Shaàyyir* (a collection of Kashmiri mystical verse in 3 vols) and *Noor Naama* (the poems of Nundaryòsh). Was given the Sahitya Akademi Award for Kashmiri poetry for his *Lava ta Prava*.



## GUL-I-LAALA

Guli laala phólith aay vanan manz ta ðalan manz  
 Pyav shöhra tswovaapaäry yi baagan ta khalan manz  
 Kumiran ta jalan manz

Kör zool yi zan maaga bâchith soñta bahaaran  
 Dyut aashkav rang yaavanuk zan lola amaaran  
 Betaab ishaaran

Guli laala zan mas pyaala bârith thovmut kalavaäly  
 Yaa greesy kâtaah lochh vwozul naar tshûnith naäly  
 Ya sholavûny mashaäly

Zan ðooly aamûts kori maâlis kaharanûy hândy dâsy  
 Ya ðopi han vati pyaṭh vwozûjy pemûts chhi shuris vâsy  
 Vaatûny yi gâtsh bëyi tasy

Chyath jaami shahaadat chhu zan Sharwaàny su valaveer  
 Hénzyaani vuchhith ânzini hòṭaa zan chhu Rasul Meer  
 Pur josh duaageer

Zan maahrénnya vwoshalemûtsûy ðeeshith panun khaavand  
 Ya baäzygaran naara rêh kârmûts chhi nazarband  
 Ya laali Samarkand

Zan kaartikchi zooni buthis pyaṭh chhu siyaah khaal

ä : pertain	aä : bird	e : male	é : met
o : go	ô : oasis	û : script	uû : long ù
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुत्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

## TULIPS IN BLOOM

Tulips are in bloom in meadows and on river banks:  
Is spring going gay  
At deliverance from winter's icy clutches?  
Or have lovers dyed in the bright hues of youth  
Their passionate sighs and longings?

The tulip is like a cup brimful with wine,  
A peasant lass in a bright red gown,  
A flaming torch,  
A golden palanquin brought by bearers for one's daughter,  
A red cap left on the road by a child  
(O forgetful child, now sobbing wild!)  
Sherwani, brave martyr, dyed in crimson,  
A Rasul Meer, aflame with passion and prayer  
On seeing the swan's grace of a Hindu maiden,  
A bride blushing on seeing her lord,  
A flame charmed by a wizard,  
The Kartik moon with a lovely mole,  
The ruby of Samarkand.

Sherwani — Mohammad Maqbool Sherwani, who died bravely, trying to stop the Pakistani raiders at Baramulla in 1947.

# ZINDAGEE TA MOT

Akh baala kwolaah tshaala nivaan aas mè vònmas  
Prùtshùhay bù kathaa boztam aasee tsè khabar dyav  
Motuk ta hayaatuk tsè maa az taam lòbuth pay  
Vàtsh aaba làhraa akh zi dariyaavùch bù chhasay zyav  
Rukanùch mè mahal chhay na safar zyooth  
karun chhum

Daamaana rôṭum soṇtakis betaab havaavas  
Jaanaana lagay paàry kadam thaav kathaaz boz  
Khabraah mè vanakhnaa tsù kaañh margüch ta hayaatüch  
Drasa dith su vôthum lonchi ma lam door ukun roz  
Vakh chhuy na mè butaraäts halam poshi  
barun chhum

Kami aashi vònum pomparas devaana katha boz  
Naavas bù lagay karta tsaàngis kam tsù aküy gath  
Motùch ta hayaatùch mè kaañh dita taaza bashaarat  
Tshàṭ dith ta zaálith paan kàrùn ora yitsüy kath  
Naaras andar thèha paan laáyith yaar  
sarun chhum

Akh taarukhaa meezaana nish döl yaam më vönmas  
Haa rikyni gindan vaali rumaah paan tsü thähraav  
Motuk ta hayaatuk tsë maa az taam söruth raaz  
Traävith vwoshaa loyun sadaa vwony myaäny kathaa traav  
Motüch më chhay tsala laar vanay kyaa më  
marun chhum

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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य		tsh : <b>aspirate of ts</b>	

## LIFE AND DEATH

I said to the leaping mountain stream,  
'T'd like to ask — perhaps you know —  
Have you found the truth of life and death?'  
A rising wave said, 'I'm the river's voice;  
But I can't stay — I've a long way to go.'

I caught the robe of the impetuous spring breeze.  
'Stay a moment, sweet one, listen to me!  
Tell me something about life and death.'  
'Hold off! Don't pull at my robe', he said,  
'I've got to fill earth's lap with flowers.'

With hope I said to the moth, 'Mad lover,  
Pause only once in your grim career,  
And throw fresh light on life and death.'  
Gyrating in, he burnt himself up, saying only this,  
'I've barely time to plunge into the beloved flame.'

Finding a star thrown out of orbit, I said,  
'Stop a moment, O skier on heaven's floor!  
Have you pondered the mystery of life and death?'  
He sighed and shouted, 'I'm doomed and best forgotten;  
Death is pursuing me — that's all that I know.'



## NAGMA KARAAN AAF TAAB

Doori bihith daari pyaṭh chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

Gardishas andar zāmeen  
Be makaan aāsith mākeen  
Gata rēnyaa akh naazneen  
Maārymānz ta mahjabeen

Khwoosh nazar dil shaadmaan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

Myāts havaa ta naar aab  
Kith sanaa kāny hamrikaab  
Vuchh na mē yuth inkalaab  
Sōr na mē yuth kaanh̄ hisaab

Maājazaa akh be bayaan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

Shoka bārith dōh ta raat  
Chhu lādith insaanzaat  
Mota nish tshaaraan̄ najaat  
Lola hāty gaaraan̄ hayaat

Mānzilan doraan davaan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

Husan thavaan tsoori raaz  
Ashak karaan saaz baaz  
Lol chhū bōḍ kaar saaz  
Jasta nazar kad daraaz

Zoona ḍaban vāny divaan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

Gul chhi vuchhaan ṭaari tāly  
Pāshy chhi pakaan tshaayi hāly  
Jal chhi tulaan shor vāly  
Yuth na chhākiv nyaayi phāly

Asi chhu kunuy zuv ta jaan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

Dil grazaan valaveernūy  
Sōthy tshyanaan takdeernūy  
Bas gatshaan zanjeernūy  
Zyav yivaan tasveernūy

Draatinūy kismat huraan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan

## THE SONG OF THE SUN

Sitting at my window, I behold far away  
The earth on her diurnal rounds,  
Houseless, though not unconfined,  
Her movements a dancer's dream,  
Moon-faced and beautiful,  
With sparkling eyes and happy heart.

Earth, air, fire and water  
In one happy comradeship!  
I've never yet seen anything  
So unaccountable, so passing strange,  
A wonder so indescribable.

I see man run from goal to goal,  
I see him crowding day and night  
With intense desires uncountable —  
Above all he wants to conquer death  
And live in love's eternity.

Beauty guards her secret close,  
But love plans his stratagem —  
Love, most adroit of all,  
Quick-eyed and tall,  
Peers into moon-shaped balconies.

Flowers look with bashful eyes,  
Birds are singing loud and clear,  
Beasts move with infinite grace,  
'O do not scatter grains of strife,  
For we are one, heart and soul.'

There's thunder in the hearts of the brave!  
The evil bunds of fate get breached.  
Shackles shiver with fright and fall.  
I see dumb pictures finding speech  
And sickles blest with plenty.

Zindageeye hōnd avaam  
 Haz chhu tulaan shahro gaam  
 Baàzygar motuky tamaam  
 Taari gātshith subashaam  
 Thela panūny hyath tsalaan chhus bū tamaashaa vuchhaan  
  
 Maksaduk dooryar chhu pōh  
 Raath kuḍūr sheena kōh  
 Aashako vwoth maar tshōh  
 Chhuy ganeemat tapaa dōh  
 Shaáyiraa dyooṭhum gyavaan chhus bū tamaashaa  
 vuchhaan

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I see joy in town and village  
In widest commonalty spread,  
And merchants of death everywhere,  
Bewildered night and day,  
Run away with their evil bags.

I also hear a poet sing,  
'Losing sight of your aim brings  
Tedious winter nights and mounds of snow.  
True lover, drink delight from life  
For lovely is a summer's day.'



## GAAMA MASVAL

Fitratüch shaahkaar soorat, azla abdüch sworga hoor  
Zindagee händi shaalamaarüch poshi thär zan mas maloor  
Maärymäñz butaraäts häñz kanavaäj aävij häty häñzoor  
Gaama masval greesy koor

Vaakh Lali häñz sholavüny sanavüny Rasulmeerüny gazal  
Yaavanas manz naara vuzamal loocharas manz möhrachhal  
Bulhavas vyasaraan vuchhith yas kun gatshaan motas vadäl  
Väsy pyavaan prath jädy tshal

Nalavañan dwod hyöt baban yëmi shora patharyan  
khaäry posh  
Aalatshyaras vol yëmi mad mëhnatas yëmi khor bosh  
Yas na zaañh toophaan säry säry rov dil vyasarey hosh  
Lola naaruk soor josh

Zindagee hönd raaz löb yëmi rooz yas thäz änzini kaär  
Kaami vizi toophaan ta vuzamal lola vizi boonyaah ta yaär  
Toth yas zee kul panun syöd saada khwoparaa gaan vaär  
Ywosa na dyaaran rooz laär

Kaätyahan takdeeranüy roozith chhi gaämüty döh ta raat  
Mähala khaanan manz nakaaban tal sworümy gaämüts  
hayaat

Saavinyan lédremütsan zoonan chhu yaavun haärisaat  
Mot hyath öbrüch baraat

Zindagee khab dith vazaa daäree ta pardan thaävmüts  
Asmatüchi kam kam aliph laälaayi väny väny saävmüts  
Haayinemüts zan bahee khaataah kathaa mansaävmüts  
Vuzamalaah tshëvaraävmüts

## THE VILLAGE IRIS

Nature's masterpiece! Eternal houri of Paradise!  
Flower bush in life's pleasure garden! Urn full of wine!  
Earth's necklace and graceful jewel in her ear!  
O village iris! O peasant girl!

Lalla's lofty *vaakh*, poignant gazal of Rasul Meer!  
In youth both gold and flash of lightning,—  
She who leaves the sensual trembling and death  
confounded,  
On whom no charms can work!

She milks the breasts of stones, grows flowers on  
stubborn soil,  
Humbles the pride of sloth and shows the dignity of toil.  
Storms cannot make her quail. Seeing her, love grows pale,  
Ashamed of his puny flame.

She knows life's mystery, her swan's neck always high.  
In work, she's storm and lightning; in love chenar and  
pine.  
She loves her son, a simple hut, a garden, a shelter for  
cows;  
She is not a slave of silver.

Others there are whose life's current stopped flowing  
long ago —  
Languishing veiled in mansions, with life anaesthetised;  
For these poor pallid moons, youth comes as a misfortune,  
A cloud that brings death.

They have ever lived gagged by conventional demureness,  
Lulled nightly to slumber by fairy tales of chastity, —  
Moth-eaten, mildewed, like an old account book,  
Like a story long forgotten, like spent lightning.

Roba khaanan manz ändüry anyigõt nyëbüry zooluk jalaav  
 Kuümathaah lädran swonas vaaraah magar lolas na baav  
 Saaz neran parda tsäty tsäty trovmut vakhtan chhu daav  
 Zindagee chhana band talaav

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Darkness in their parlours, illumination without;  
Valued not for love, but trappings and trinkets!  
But changed time will tear the veil and new songs will  
be heard,  
For life is not a stagnant pond.



# NYATHA NĀNY MAANE

Zulfan chaanyan hōnd gōn saayi  
 Yath sāhraavas myaanyee maayi  
 Pāchh yaa rēty chham chaānyee yaad  
 Dilakis darvaazas dubaraayi  
 Vaānsan pyaṭh kāmy dooryar yōtsh  
 Tami putsi maa samsaaras zaayi

Vaavan kōr shamahas bāly gyund  
 Naba kyan tsangyan vātsh thatharaayi  
 Jigaran thaavyov daadyan ṭhaan  
 Kari kyaah dil chhus bar hamsaayi  
 Naphrāts hāsrat vuṭha kumajaar  
 Lolas nyaamat āsh dadaraayi

Sonchūky paymaanay gāy tang  
 Bēyi maa sana kēnh kaālib draayi  
 Hata saā bū ti kūna loluk srēh  
 Hata saā bū ti chhus tuhūnzi traayi  
 Kāmy dōp yēti chhana aadam bōy  
 Yim kyaah ada chhaa saāree tshaayi  
 Achharan hōnd zarbaph naayaab  
 Nyatha nāny maane gaāmūty zaayi

Hoonis gardani swona sund kōr  
 Rata chhēbi lagayo ath vwopharaayi

Yath hāndūris shaharas manz myon  
 Baḍakyal dil ti chhu bōḍ sarmaayi

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## NAKED THOUGHTS

My love provides this desert with  
Your lovely hair's luxuriant shade.  
Time and again your memory  
Knocks wildly at the door of my heart.  
Who would for ages live alone? —  
It's not with that wish we were born.

When the wind had idle sport with the lamp,  
Trembling seized the lights of heaven.  
Being helpless, for the mind lives close,  
The heart put a lid on its agony.  
Hate never will know softened lips;  
Love is blest with streams of tears.

Old goblets are now too small for thought —  
I wish some better forms were found,  
Else I might sell, not sing love's yearnings,  
And follow only in others' wake.  
Who says man can't be found here now?  
Then what are these? Only ghosts?  
The brocade of words is not to be had,  
And naked thoughts just waste away.

The dog wears a collar of gold —  
O how your barking thrills my heart!

In this city of sad decay  
Even a fluttering heart is a treasure.

old goblets — poetic diction and forms.



## ABDUL RAHMAN RAHI

b. 1925

Born at Waza Pora, Srinagar. Orphaned very early in life. Passed the Matriculation examination as a private candidate. Later he passed Adib Alim, Adib Fazil, Munshi Fazil and M A examinations as a private candidate. Influenced by the progressives and joined the Communist Party. Started life as a clerk in the P W D. Later, was appointed lecturer in S P College, Srinagar. Founded, along with Firaq, Kamil and Akhtar Mohiuddin, the Muslim Communist Party. Joint Secretary, Progressive Writers' Association, Srinagar. Published *Subahuk Sodaa*, *Yim Saany Aalav*, *Loluk Partav*, *Sanaviny Saaz* and *Novroz Sabaa*. Won the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1969. Is now working as a Lecturer in Persian, University of Kashmir.



## TASVEERÜKY ZÜ RWOKH

Nabas pyaṭh taarakav kari maala mwokhtas  
Mè bassyav zan tsü chhakh pananyan amaan saam  
hyèni draamüts

Kòhav pàty zooni kòr tshal kaala òbras  
Mè dòp zaàhir chhi chaànee praàny kaañh vyas son kun  
aamüts

Subah phòl bulbulav kòr bol boshaa  
Mè baasyav zan ti tsüy chhakh meethy aalav dith mè  
vuzanaavaan

Havaa òl lanji phòl akh daan poshaa  
Gumaan sapdum chhè chaànee lola mankal naar  
chhàkraavaan

Dalas vathy moj lajy thatharaay aabas  
Khabar chham aadanuk kaañh haavasaa aasee tsè  
tambalyomut

Bwoṭhyan pyaṭh lukh chhi praaraan naava taaras  
Mè baasaan door gaaman saal karanuk zwon tsè chhuy  
pyomut

Khalan pyaṭh byaaly hëy hëy haaly draamüty  
Khabar tsëy maa hyatsüth kwochhi kwochhi karüny tas  
manzlikis laalas

Chhi roozyaanass samith az tsaath aamüty  
Khabar tsëy maa dòputh götsh pot chhaavun zaa shuris  
naalas

Banjaaryaa hakh divaan draav saanyi bara taly  
Pazee aasee tsè andy pakhy reeshamüch thatharaay hish  
baasaan

Chhipar gänd shury bü anahaa baangi löt mäly  
Khabar chham haavaan manz chhay tsè natsanüch traay  
hish baasaan

## SYMBOLS

Stars in the sky are threading pearls;  
Or have you come out threading your longings?

The moon outwitted black clouds over the mountain —  
Looks like an old friend of yours is coming to me!

The bulbuls burst into song at dawn,  
As if you were singing me a sweet aubade.

The breeze freshened, a pomegranate blossomed on the  
bough,  
Like your own hearth of love, showering fire.

The lake shivered, the waves grew restless  
Like the tumult of old yearnings rising in your heart.

People are waiting on the bank for the ferry,  
Like when you hear the wild call of the distant villages.

The peasants are out in the field with seeds —  
You are rocking the little bud in your arms.

The hawker shouts his wares, passing my door;  
I hear the rustle of your new silk dress.

The child is crying for a spinning top —  
Your own ungovernable desire to dance!

Chhivaan aas maharènyaa swormas ta saazas  
 Mè döp zaahir yi chhakh tsüy yaavanüch kaañh shokh  
 yèny yeraan

Javaanaa akh vuchhum doraan mahaazas  
 Mè baasyav zan tsü pananyis aañganäs chhakh praany  
 dwos sheraan

Chhi kaätyaah zindagee händy rang shoobaan  
 Chhi kaätsaah dilkashee hëchhmüts yimav chaanyav  
 ishaarav az

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The happy bride's face, lovely with rouge and collyrium  
Tells me you're perhaps weaving bright patterns of youth.

When I saw a young man going to fight at the front,  
I knew you were repairing your garden wall!

How beautiful are life's variegated colours!  
How fascinating the symbols you speak to me in!



## PATH AGAR YIYIHE TI MOTAS VAÄRY

Zindagee händy dõh chhi tshõtý duniyaah punyim hònd  
zoona gaash  
Shabnamüky kèñh tsèh, gulaabüky saath kèñh  
Vath chhi mukarar malguzaarüch, aavarèny chhana  
kaañsi hargiz tsèth rachhaan  
Aadanas yaavun yivaan, yaavun gatshaan, paavaan bujar  
Zindagee händy dõh chhi tshõtý, haavas syathaa phursat  
kaleel

Au vòn gav ath vakhtakis tshwocharas ti hëyi kaañh  
Kaats hyath kapñan karüny  
Subhakis vaavas sulee thaavan nazar bāndee kārith  
Shabnamas kaañh diyi na vasanay baag manz  
Phwolana bronñhüy traavi kaañh putsanith gulaab  
Daam kèñh aasaan chhi ath pyaalas andar  
Loodaraah kaañh zulma kiny diyi tath ti kány  
Zindagee hònd maachh teli tyathavyan banaan  
Mot teli baasaan chhu mushkil  
Zuv chhu teli lamy lamy kañaan

Boozymüty chhim vaaryaah afsaana sworgüky baarahaa  
Jantachyan yambürzalan path raävy bõmbar beshumaar  
Nakad khyaaävith kaätyahav vaanyav vwozum baapaar kòr  
Vumbür vaatsüm bekasee händy naaratäty lalavaan  
Tü moyas kaava pakhi zan sheen pyom  
Aaftaabaa os, päky päky tsaas mus, losun hyötun  
Uf! yemis motas chhi handaremüts nazar  
Aanth ròs aasaan chhi maagüch sarad raat

Haa dilo! saazandaro! zarbaah dito! vaayun hyato!  
Aaftaaban rang ho vaahraävy shafküky yaam losan gār  
vüchhin

## MONOLOGUE OF THE OLD WOMAN

How brief is human life in a world bewitching like the  
full moon!

A few moments of the dew,  
A few of the rose  
Before we take the certain road —  
For the grave and the pyre are no one's friends.  
Youth follows childhood, then flies and, all too soon,  
Crabbèd age arrives!  
How brief is our life, but O, how unbounded our desire!

If some with determined shears  
Clip further short this tragic brevity,  
Shut morning breezes early in a cage,  
Prevent the dew from falling,  
Despoil the rose before it blooms —  
When the cup has barely a few sips to offer,  
The stone of greed still shatters it to bits —  
The honey of life turns into bitter wormwood,  
And death seems hard indeed.

O, I've heard all those oft-repeated tales of paradise!  
Many a bee was lost pining for the narcissi of heaven.  
Many a merchant gave the cash of here  
For the credit of the hereafter.  
What's my life? — the frost lies heavy on my wings,  
While within I've played lifelong nurse  
To poverty's sore burns.  
My sun, weary and footsore, is now about to sink.  
How cold is death's steady gaze!  
How cold and dreary this unending midwinter night!

O musician heart! strike up your instrument!  
Knowing his time of setting nigh,  
The sun has suffused the western sky.

Vaay mè haa chham vaätsmüts maharëny yi ächh phiry  
 phiry vuchhaan  
 Vahy yëmis mosum gulalas chhum bëkaäreë seena  
 körmüt daag daag  
 Vahy yi dwos chham aavasyemüts rooda suüty  
 Vahy yëmis braäris chhi gaämüts nahkachee haalah mè  
 suüty

Haa dilo! naadaañ dilo! be silsilo!  
 Dub dubaah karto tsü myaänis aadanas aalav dito  
 Vahy äkis saatas agar yath duniyahäs pyaṭh aasihe  
 myon ëkhtiyaar  
 Vahy äkis brünzis agar vakhtuk yi duldul myaäny  
 marzee maanihe  
 Aalamas dapunaah kàrith bāry bāry bü thavahaa maāñzi  
 ḍuly  
 Kaarabaarüky sath samandar traavahaa yakbaar vāthy  
 Raäts hönd daamaana rangahaa  
 Aaftaabas sozahaa zarbaaph laagun kyut ta haṅgas  
 möhra gönd  
 Vaayahaa yätskaäly tumbakhnaär söðaran manz bihith  
 Aaṅganas manz ishka pechaanas sagaah dimahaa gutul  
 Path agar yiyihe ti motas vaäry tas kyaah laarihe  
 Thaävytan path jantachyan ḍedyan kuluph kāry kāry  
 tswopaäry

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No wedding bells for you,  
My big gazelle-eyed daughter!  
O my poor son, broken by unemployment!  
Look at this wall crumbling down with rain  
And see this poor cat's strange attachment!

O heart! O foolish heart! Ungovernable!  
Knock at the door of my youth! Call him back!  
I would wash clean the dark robe of the night,  
Send brocade for the sun to wear  
And plumes for his head,  
Play many a lilting tune while drifting on the lake,  
Water the only convolvulus in my yard.

Then if death were to come, he wouldn't gather much —  
And I don't care if they close all the gates of paradise!



## ZINDAGEE

### I

Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi gaasha ròs maskaásy bud  
Sahra vaktan sheesha pòt hyoo nab chhu yaamat kaala  
öbruk buth vuchhaan  
Taarakan hándy tsaángy tshévriith zooni zan nyaángalaan  
chhu dyav  
Baala pàty kiny hooly haángay hish chhi gagaraayan  
vwothaan  
Vuzamalan hándy jin chhi yaamat naara pàymüty neza  
gilanaavüny hyavaan  
Doth ðeeshith yaam sanglaatan chhi pháry vóthy vóthy  
gatshaan  
Aàlynaashuk bay chhu yaamat baagakyan jaanaavaran  
motun phiraan  
Beema suütyan yaam pyaaval gaavi hònd téchihor vótsh  
dam pháty gatshaan  
Rooda neelan hònd grazun boozith békas pahryan chhi  
kán vésarüny hévaan  
Daana kuṭh baasaan chhu áchh phiry phiry vuchhaan  
Áthy andar yaamat chhi kaáñh pulsüch jamaath roody  
phuṭraavaan yivaan  
Hathkaryan sapdaan chhu chakchak phángy chhi  
dastaaran vuphaan  
Barni tály tráhraan chhu taáris dil ta haáñkal lyal karaan  
Hukmi haákim gontsha trakaraávith chhu aañgan  
manz atsaan  
Prútshna róstuy laam traavan vol mujrim tshaarane  
Zan vanas manz kaañh tabardaaraah divaan vány  
raáyilan  
Zan shikaáryah kaañh Hókarsar votmut  
Bekhabar paáṭhyan chhi kastaan navjavaanas heri pyaṭh  
Gaáñt hish vaaraṭ nivaan zan jonṭh dith  
Tophanüy hònd grany chhu gagaraayan gatshaan

## LIFE

### I

Life — a sightless, shaven old hag!

Before dawn, a glass-clear sky sees a black cloud  
Putting out the lamps of the stars;  
A demon swallows the moon. Behind the hills  
Peals of thunder have raised a mad tumult,  
And demons of lightning are brandishing their red-hot  
spears.

The rocky hills tremble at the approach of the hail.  
Birds grow death pale, seeing certain destruction of their  
nests.

Fear holds the new-born brindled calf tongue-tied.  
The foundations of poor huts totter.  
With the roaring torrents of rain.  
Granaries gaze, appealing and helpless.

And then a police squad, with flying turban crests,  
Comes marching, their tread like hammers breaking  
stones.

The clanking of handcuffs rings in the night.  
The heart of the latch is a-tremble, the bolt starts wailing.  
The relentless summons of law enters the yard  
Without ceremony, to look for the fugitive felon.  
Like a woodcutter looking for an oak,  
Like a hunter on arrival at Hokarsar.  
And, like a kite at one fell swoop,  
The warrant takes away the youth on the stairs.  
The thunder booms like cannon;

Vaav laaraan zan ta khrakh khemüts guryav  
Daari bar tarsaan chhi zan ändy päkhy chhi bambaáree  
gatshaan

Haali bad ðeeshith chhi kastaan maaji zyav taalas lagaan  
Haari zan neerith tsalaan ðabahor lôt  
Bulbulas zan tshog kaañh thaph dith nivaan  
Roosy kät zan naagahaani naar hyoo jañgalas vuchhaan  
Yaam guly pathkun phirith tas broonthy kiny neraan  
chhu tämysund laalaphöl  
Yaam tas baasaan chhu pananyan haavasan hönd  
aavasyomut baam yakdam väsy pyavaan

Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi gaasha rös maskaäsy buð

## II

Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi mas chhivur tay  
maäry manz

Tsori baji bronthuy pahan yeli aaftaabas buth chhu  
zan vwoshalun hyavaan

Maärbal kis madrasas manz  
Yaam kaañh chapraäsy kash kädy kädy chhu gâr  
vaayiny hyavaan

Tsaata kuþhinüy manz chhi sapdaan zindagee kaaðaah  
käðith bedaär hish

Zan chhi taapas aamanyemüts poshi thär kaañh öbra  
shêhjaaraah vuchhaan

Maashṭar neraan chhi subahuk sanz kârith  
Tsaatäbaajan dwon chhu tay sapdaan bonyan tal gindun

Zan chhë kotar joory kaañh hyör aasmaan khasanüch  
drüy hish karaan

Madrasuk aañgun chhu shury khelaah vuchhith  
churygyush tulaan



The wind rears like horses scared and shying;  
Doors and windows rattle  
As if bombs were raining down.

Seeing this disaster strike,  
The mother stands stunned, like a mynah  
Whose spotted tail has suddenly come off, like a bulbul  
Whose plume someone has rudely uprooted, like a gazelle  
Seeing her forest burn, when her beloved son,  
Hands cuffed behind his back, passes in front of her.  
The scarcely erected terrace of her dreams crumbles down!

Life — a sightless, shaven old hag!

## II

Life — a lovely woman, heady wine!

Four o'clock. The sun's face is flushed.  
In the school at Maârbal the peon,  
Swinging his arms lustily, strikes the bell.  
Life in the class rooms wakes up with a yawn,  
Like a flower shrub shrunk and limp with the sun's heat  
Suddenly finding the shade of a cloud.  
The teachers give the boys home tasks, and leave.  
Two class mates decide to play under the chenars  
Like a couple of pigeons resolving to soar in the sky.  
The school ground raises a merry din, seeing children  
at play



Zan chhi aalik jaanavar vuph hyath vasaan baagas andar  
 Zan yivaan kuni laavi lanji yakbaar baaman neery neery  
 Ädy kitaaban gand hyavaan, ädy mashka gilanaavaan  
 tsalaan  
 Ädy davaan seemaab zan, ädy harana tshaalan mäty  
 gatshaan  
 Chookydar traavaan chhu nyëbrim deedy vätsh  
 Baazaruk baazar chhu soruy grakh karaan  
 Chhola vaälis chhola tshär moklaan chhi brünzis manz  
 ta aalan hakh lagaan

Äthy andar yaamat chhi kaañh maājaa bënyaa  
 Hora baadaam vaari pyaṭha pheerith yiman madras  
 shuryan  
 Kochav ändury doraan vuchaan  
 Yaam tas pananis vachhyas tsëh tsëh divaan mosum chhu  
 baasaan

Zanta pakanuk sañz karaan  
 Yaam tas neraan chhi haavas  
 Shoka häty pananis gulaalas tsaatahal kun thaph kārith  
 Yaam tas baasaan chhu duniyaah soñta kaluk khaab hyoo  
 Bekhabar paāṭhyan chhu yaamat  
 Tas mödur kaañh vanavunaah vwozalyan vuṭhan pyaṭh  
 gath karaan

Zindagee baasan chhi tami vizi mas chivur tay maāry manz

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Like birds flying down from their nests into the garden,  
Like buds appearing in profusion on a tender bough,  
Some running strapping satchels, some swinging slates,  
Some like quicksilver, some bounding like the deer.  
The peon swings open the outer gate  
And the entire market bubbles with life.  
The gram vendor's stock is gone in a flash,  
The beansman hawks his wares.

At this very moment, a young woman,  
Returning from the almond grove  
And seeing lithe children running in the lanes,  
Dreams of a baby sucking at her breast,  
And of a tiny toddler learning to walk.  
Then holding her tender tulip by the hand,  
She moves towards the school.  
The world is a dream of spring time!  
Unconsciously, a sweet song dances on her ruby lips.

Life — a lovely woman, heady wine!

Maarbal.— the bank of the backwaters of the Dal Lake in Srinagar.

## ĀZICH KATH

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav  
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Khaab vùchh vwony vaarayaah myaanyav áchhav  
Haavasan hândy tsaàngy tsèti zaálith syaṭhaa  
Treshi háty me baana thury paymaana gáry  
Intizaarúky saaz tsèti vuzanaávythak  
Subhakis nooras zahooras vata vuchhaan  
Raáts hònd gaṭa zòl sòruth, kyaah dil kòruth  
Ròph kòrùm yath daamanas raatas dòhas  
Aamp roozùm kwom baraan yiwi soñt kaal  
Maachh baágùri zindagee, ye boozy boozy  
Tyathavyanas pyaṭh vumbri kòr guzraan me  
Lol raṭi yèmi lola shahrùk intizaam  
Áthy zwonas manz naphratuk naaraah sòruth  
Vakt tsaṭi paanay gwolaámee hánz kamand  
Yee vanaañ me mãshy shikaaryan hândy sitam  
Az pagaah Gaṅgaayi lagi vath son kun  
Áthy khayaalas manz tshwokaan gav aara chon

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav  
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Zoon kháts aakaash vwozumuy gaash hyath  
Dòp bètaabav khòt dupáharuk aaftaab  
Poshi gwondaraah vaáts guldaanas andar  
Khaam tamahav zon soruy baag phòl  
Yándra dwosi pyaṭh khaár vuph jaanaavaran  
Tas gumaañ gav támy vuḍav kár aalamas  
Kaáñsi yòdvay myándy zú myándy haásil sapúdy  
Deshivúny dòp kúsmatas bwóchhi dod tsòl  
Áami pana yèmy naavi hyòt sòdras lamun  
Tas dilan káḍ vwoṭh bú votus saáhilas  
Vaada yas sòny baavaṭyan hònd gav kanan  
Tas gwoḍan hánz breedy gáyi nahakay mãshith  
Shraavanas yas óbra shehajaaraa banyav



## LET'S TALK ABOUT TODAY

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!  
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

My eyes have woven webs of dreams;  
You've lighted the lamps of many desires.  
Thirsty, I fashioned cups and measures;  
You played tunes on patience' harp.  
Waiting for the radiant light of dawn,  
Brave friend! you lived through the murky night.  
I darned my torn robe night and day,  
Hoping that spring would fill it with plenty.  
Trusting that one day honey would flow,  
I cheerfully lived on the bitter fruit.  
You bore the fire of hate in the faith  
That love one day would rule this town.  
I did not mind the hunter's scourge.  
Time will break his darts, I said.  
Your little stream kept dancing and gay,  
In the hope that the Ganga would come our way.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!  
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

When the moon comes up with borrowed sheen,  
The impatient cry: 'It's the midday sun!'  
Flowers in a vase delude the fool  
To feel that the garden is in bloom.  
The fowl flies to perch on the low mud wall,  
And thinks he has flown over lands and seas.  
Seeing a man with a loaf of bread,  
They say the world is rid of hunger.  
Towing his boat with unspun yarn,  
The fool feels sure he'll cross the lake.  
The promise of gold bracelets dulls one's ears  
To the clanking of chains in one's own feet.  
Finding a summer cloud's luxuriant shade,



Tas mǎshith gav maag maa kaḍi sheena tshaṭh  
Dunyahuk thōd shaan tshaaraan yus akhaa  
Paana sar nōmraavi, tas kus obray  
Pagahūkyan rangeen khayaalan myon zuv  
Az magari āzykyan savaalan van javaab

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav  
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Azychi kwochhi manz prazli pagahuk aaftaab  
Azychi berang zindagaani kar hisaab  
Az agar buniyaaz kun kaanh srēh gatshee  
Zaan pagahūch bād amaat sheena maany  
Az agar brinzis tshihis dam phāty gatshakh  
Zaan pagahuk gam chhu behad behisaab  
Rang badlee az agar moyas ākis  
Vakti peeree zaan pagahuk aaftaab  
Az agar akh teer neree shahparas  
Zaan pagahuk prath vudav sakhtūy azaab  
Az agar gatshi dil vwodaasee kaāphilas  
Pagahūkis manzilas kadam traavun mahaal  
Dil panun yōdvay bēpatsh baasee tsē az  
Zaan pagahūch, dilbaree be etibaar  
Az agar baagas hanaa chhaph kaānsi hyets  
Zaan pagahuk gulistaan taharaaj gav  
Azychi kwochhi manz prazli pagahuk aaftaab  
Azychi berang zindagaani kar hisaab

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav  
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Paāra yus chaanyan khayaalan thaavi az  
Suy phiraan sosan chhu myaanis yaavanas  
Thaak yus sozee tsē dilakyan valvalan  
Suy chhu cheeraan hōt mē nozuk haavasan

One forgets the chill winds December'll bring.  
What does today's bent head know of honour  
To dream of the world draped in honour and glory?  
Take my very life for a colourful tomorrow —  
But first give an answer for the problems of today.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!  
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

Today is the nurse of tomorrow's sun:  
Take stock of your present pallid fate.  
Moisture seeping into its foundation today  
Makes tomorrow's mansion an avalanche.  
If you feel stifled even for a moment now,  
Infinite will be tomorrow's suffering.  
If a single hair of yours grows grey today,  
Crabbèd age will come tomorrow.  
If you moult a single feather today,  
How hard tomorrow will each flight be.  
If the caravan loses heart today,  
There'll be no march to the goal tomorrow.  
If you can't trust your heart today,  
Know tomorrow's dalliance unsure.  
The slightest encroachment on your land now  
Spells ruin of the garden you've planned.  
Today is the nurse of tomorrow's sun:  
Take stock of your present pallid fate.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!  
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

One who tramples on your thoughts  
Puts a canker in my youth.  
Who bans the beating of your heart  
Strangles all my tender dreams.

Kaaphilas nish yus mè az byòn chhum kaḍaan  
 Suy chhu chaānis mānzilas dooryar divaan  
 Aāna haāvith yus tsè bularaavaan chhuy  
 Yath ḍyakas myaānis nivaan thapi noor suy  
 Yemy na myaānis gaāratas kōr èhtiraam  
 Suy chhu chaānis azmatas munkir banaan  
 Yemy na chaanyan lola harfan thov kan  
 Suy mè āndy āndy nafratuk zaalaan alaav  
 Yemy tsè bobūsy gindana baapat soozynay  
 Suy chhu vwony myaanyan machan kāny kāny divaan  
 Yus litūr vaayaan chhu myaanyan jaṅgalan  
 Suy ōgun tshévraan chhu chaanyan daan gagan  
 Yus kathan chaanyan krūhūny maane kaḍaan  
 Suy chhu az myaānis fanas kapṭan karaan

Yaara vwoth̄ az baara toophaanaa tulav  
 Chaani lasanuk myaani basanuk sanz karav

Zindagee yus tshaal ganḍi tas ṭhaak kar  
 Yus chaman paamaal kari tas laar kar  
 Saz yath dil vaayi suy raazaah vanav  
 Yee pagaah asi pēyi karun tee āzy karav  
 Āzychi kwochhi manz prazli pagahuk aaftaab  
 Āzychi berang zindagaāni kar hisaab

Yaara vwoth̄ az baara toophaanaa tulav  
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He who separates me from the caravan  
Helps to make your goal more distant.  
He who tempts you with fancy mirrors  
Snatches the brightness from my brow.  
He who doesn't respect my pride  
Is the one who denies your greatness.  
He who doesn't listen to your loving word  
Surrounds me with the fire of hate.  
He who sends you toys for play  
Is hurling stones at my jars of rice.  
He who brings down my forest trees  
Snatches the fire from your hearth.  
He who reads black meanings in your words  
Tears, with his scissors, my art to shreds.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!  
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

Prevent anyone from playing with life;  
Chase him who comes to blight the garden;  
Speak the word that makes the heart sing;  
Let's begin tomorrow's work today.  
Today is the nurse of tomorrow's sun;  
Take stock of your present pallid fate.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!  
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?



## SWONA LAÄNKI PYATH

Az hanaa bronthuy pahan akhtaaba loos  
Shokh rang shafkuk su kaayiry naar löt löt soory gav  
Shaama tshaayav akh âkis bangaaly zulfan shaana kôr  
Baala pätÿ lötÿ poory traavaan zoon khâts  
Taarakan mâstee chhi taaryan manz bârith  
Khwosh havaavan hûka vûchhith kyaah taam kâny shêchh  
vâny ðalas  
Hora kani vôth aaba maluraah yora kani pamposh gav  
bedaar hyoo  
Shaalamaaruk kôh chhu zan khaabaa vûchhaan  
Akh damaah yath laänki pyath bêh vuchh tamashaa  
myaâny paäthy  
Yor vaätith shor shahrûk paâny paanay kôl gatshaan  
Boz kami anmaana hêtÿ maânav tswopaase shoka  
vaayiny jaltarang  
Kyaah môdur sozaah saroodaah phyoor talpaataala pyath  
asmaan taam  
Telbâly kiny draayi zaâhir byaakh saâlaânee shikaâry  
Voonça kâdalas nish chhu vunyi ðoongas andar prazalaan  
gaash  
Sonch kam kam shoka hâtÿ aasan Naseemûky bonya  
havahan saävymûty  
Sonch tsûy, mè chhu sonch vaâraagûy tulaan!  
Sonch tsûy, mè chhu sonch az baasaan ðyakas pyath zan  
tuluvy tywoŋgal vuhaan  
Sonch kam kam shoka hâtÿ aasan ðalûky yemy maâry  
mândÿ anhaâry phizahan maârymûty  
Maârymûty, pharkaävymûty, mashraävymûty,  
mansaävymûty  
Sonch kuûtsav mahjabeenav aasi yath aabas andar  
Tshaayi hól seemab hish tan naâvmûts  
Sonch az brôñh kuûty haavasnaak dil  
Aasahan yath zoonâ gaashas manz chanuk haavas karaan  
Kaâtyahav aashak dilav huth ðal dâhis pyath  
Aasi kôrmut baala yaaras intizaar

## ON THE GOLDEN ISLE

The sun set early today.

The golden glow died like a dying pinewood fire.

Evening shadows closed in, with their long, loose,  
raven hair.

The moon rose, stepping lightly over the mountain,

And the stars appeared with drunken eyes.

The soft breeze, seeing something strange,

Whispered a secret to the lake.

A wave rose there, and here a lotus opened its eyes.

The hill behind Shalamaar is lost in dreams.

Come, rest a moment on this isle and watch with me.

The noises of the city grow mute on reaching here.

Listen! Sweet music fills the air from earth to heaven,

As if ardent souls on every side were playing on *jaltarangs*.

I think another pleasure boat is coming from Telbal.

Lights are still blazing in the boat near Camel Bridge.

How many pleasure seekers in Naseem Bagh

Must have been lulled to sleep by the soft chenar breeze!

Thought maddens me; thought sears my forehead

Like glowing red-hot mulberry coals.

Think how many have come here, seeking sensual delights,

Crazed by this lake's unravished beauty —

Crazed, tempted with blandishments, and then forgotten!

Think how many lovely women have bathed

Their silver bodies in these shadowy waters!

How many thirsty souls have gathered here

To carouse in the light of this same moon!

Many a lover has waited long

For his first love on that distant shore.

Kaâtsahan maajan bényan ôbruk yi chhôt chhôt rang  
vuchhith

Aasihe dil tambalaavaan saály vuḍanyan hõnd khayaal  
Kaátyaahan shaahanshahan yëmi shaayi yuth husnaa  
vũchhith

Aasahan baasaan barüty daamaana tshäry  
Kaâtsahav dildaar nazarav aasahan  
Brõnh yiman neelyan khyalan pyaṭh  
Lola saan molanaävymüty chhätý mwokhtahaar  
Kaátyahan bebaak yaaran aasahan yim kohasaar  
Shafkatüch nazraah kârith bakhshaan yiraadan hõnd jalaal  
Kaátyahav betaab roohav aasi az taamat yëmis taarakh  
nabas

Dos gânzarith zindagee hânz bekaraäree baävmyts  
Haay yëmy Swonalaänki hândý madhosh shaaman aasahan  
Baarhaa az brõnh ti aavürymüty më hivý devaana  
shaâyir vaaryaah

Haay tim nozuk navaa bulbul ti gäy vuḍavaah karith  
Sheena baalan taaph pooryav gäy gälith  
Soñta kyan rangeen pwoshaakan hardakaalan soor mól  
Yus akhaa gav vahy sũ gav aphsoos gav  
Kaañh jalaah chhuna tora zaañh pheerith yivaan

Kyaah yi marguk yup niyaa më ti mool praätith  
aákharas

Kyaah bü yima naa yor ada pheerith zũñhüy  
Kyaah bü vũchhanaa dunyahuk gaashee pato laakaány  
zaañh

Kyaah më bani naa zaañh ti yath Swonalaänki pyaṭh  
shaaman byuhun

Mota kis panjaras chhanaa aḍa vátsh ti rozaan daär  
kaañh

Haay ath sangeen kalaayas sapdinaa vály vály shagaaf



How many emperors has this enchantment here made feel  
Poor indeed, for all their wealth!

How many sweethearts  
Have with ravished eyes beheld  
Priceless white pearl necklaces on these green lotus leaves!  
How many fearless men  
Have these mountains beheld with affection and

admiration

And blest with the majesty of noble resolves!  
How many restless souls have poured their woes  
To this starry sky, their only friend!  
Drunken evenings on the Golden Isle  
Have in the past too bewitched many a mad poet like me,  
Where are flown those sweet-throated bulbuls?  
The sun's heat melts the mountain snows,  
And autumn sprinkles ashes on the colourful garments  
of spring.

Alas, whoever has gone has gone for ever,  
And no bird ever flies back from there!

Will Death's inexorable flood  
One day uproot me and take me away?  
Will I never again return?  
Never again behold the warm light of day?  
Never come to spend an evening on this Golden Isle?  
Is there not even a half-open window in Death's cage?  
Won't Death's stone walls ever crack?



Vaay kar gatshi ath tilasmaatas nanyar  
 Kar gatshan azlûky ti abdûky nwokta hal  
 Paäty këmy sûndy paäthy kar gatshi  
 Mot pananyee kaar saâzi manz aseer  
 Zindagaanee sapdi kar haâsil kamaal  
 Kar chhu insaanas banun vwony laazavaal

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When will the veil lift from this mystery  
And the truth of life and death be known?  
Won't ever Death, like the silkworm,  
Be enmeshed in his own toils?  
When will life be triumphant  
And man attain immortality?

the Golden Isle — in the middle of the northern part of the Dal Lake.  
Camel's Bridge — in front of Nishat Bagh.  
Naseem Bagh — the 'Garden of the Evening Breeze', laid out by  
Shahjehan on the western bank of the Dal Lake.

# GAZAL

Yana chaani yinüch shéhh any soñtan tana sholani lög  
samsaar matyo

Tana nazaran phöly gulzaar matyo tana havasan  
mushküny daar matyo

Chhana chaani amaarüch lay mashavüny chhana chaani  
khumaarüch téh nashavüny

Yi chhi tyambúraah ratsi khwota ratsi tezaan yi chhu  
naar akh zalavun naar matyo

Yéli dooryarakyan saharaavan manz kunyi saata  
vwomezan tsaängy swotey

Vana kyaah bü dilas kus jumka hyótun vata vaslüchi gäyi  
gulnaar matyo

Yéti zyav ta kalam rač páhra darav dubáraay dilüch  
badnaam sapüz

Tati chaani gamüch devaanagiyaah nazran chhi  
garaan talvaar matyo

Yina myaánis sabras kun tsü gatshakh yina myaani  
khamoshee kun tsü vüchhakh

Sódaras ti chhu mánzy toophaan yina bróñh tshwopi hònd  
aasaan anhaar matyo

Na chhu laphzan tyuth hyoo shokh kadam na chhu maane  
titha kány tshaala tulaan

Banyi kitha kány myaanyan misran manz yihi chon  
ràsyul raftaar matyo

ä : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	ë : met
o : go	ó : oasis	ü : script	uü : long ü
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य		tsh : aspirate of ts	

## GAZAL

The world is bright and beautiful,  
For your herald, spring has come.  
My eyes see flowers everywhere,  
And fragrant is my love.

Wherever I turn, I see you drunk  
With youth and loveliness.  
A spark quickens, the embers glow,  
The fire blazes again.

When I floundered in the desert of separation,  
The lamp of hope went out;  
But a flame mysterious in my heart  
Showed a flower-strewn path to you.

I am consumed with longing;  
But they watch my tongue and pen,  
Call my beating heart a shameless thing,  
And their eyes stab me like swords.

Don't be misled by my patience,  
Do not mistake my silence:  
Before the storm comes crashing down,  
The lake seems very calm.

How sweet you are, how beautiful,  
With your movements of glad grace,  
No limping words can ever express,  
Nor my halting verse convey.



## RUBAĀYAAT

Grazaan vātsh naagahaan vūny baala kwol akh  
Tujin tshaalaah na kaañh sum rooz nay taar  
Tithay yitha kāny hanjaāree nazri suūtyan  
Dahith kāmytaam vaajov myon lwokachaar

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Pagaah myaanyan kathan kaañh maane rozyaa  
Amyuk phaāsai karan pagahūky swokhan sanj  
Bū zan rāta naala vyath azalūch ta abadūch  
Agar kaasee tsē myon aalav azyuk ranj

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Ajeebūy rang dyooṭhum az bahaaras  
Dilas tshwokh, rang royas laala zaaras  
Gulaabaah heri bwon akh khooni mājloon  
Magar asunaah phwolaan tas baa vyakaaras

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Mē vūchh vūny naazneenaah akh gamas manz  
Vasaan ōsh daari, lōgmūt kaār tas kham  
Hanaa brōñh kun pōkus baagas andar tsaas  
Yambūrzali gōb gōmūt baasyom shabnam

## QUATRAINS

The mountain stream came thundering down,  
Obliterating bank and ferry  
Like some one who with a mere look  
Swept me and my youth away.

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Whether my words have meaning tomorrow,  
Tomorrow's critics will decide;  
But I'd find the gushing waters eternal  
If they relieved you of present pain.

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There's unusual gaiety in the spring:  
Even the wounded poppy's face is flushed with joy;  
And smiles blossom on the face of that proud stoic —  
The rose, bleeding all over like a slain lover.

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I saw a lovely maiden smitten with grief,  
Her eyes streaming with tears, her bent neck grown stiff;  
Moved by her plight, I drew closer — only to find  
It was the narcissus bent with the weight of the dew.

Sitaaran az kamand laayaan chhu insaan  
 Syaṭhaa rut gav nazar mwokaleyi yaaras  
 Magar akh pron armaan chhum dilas kōṇḍ  
 Zameenas pyaṭh ti gōtsh swokh dyun bahaaras

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Dilūky armaaṇ chhi izhaarūch kaḍaan vath  
 Vuzūny naagūch hēchhaan paanay chhi raftaar  
 Kalam phuṭarīth agar ōṅjan ti hyan traash  
 Ändrimy haal baavan khoona phamvaar

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Man now tries to reach the stars.  
How good his horizons are unconfined!  
But that old longing, like a thorn embedded:  
Couldn't the world too be made a happier place?

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The heart's longings find their own expression,  
The streamlet from the fountain its own path;  
Even if they break your pen and chop off your fingers,  
The streaming blood will speak of the inner urge.



## SÄHLAAB TA SÄÄHIL

Agar az ti kâr baanbarûy soñta vaavan!  
Khabardaar chhuy ho dilo yuth na raavakh  
Agar az ti sumbal tsalan rogi rogee  
Yino bâly vunyub hyoo gatshee vòsh tsû traavakh

Mizaazay chhu paarud béswokh kaayinaatas  
Havaa ðól shamaa tshyòv tshwokyav shab subaah phòl  
Vunyee os kaphanas vâlith maag ðolaan  
Vunyee vwoshli shraavun bahaaran mushûk môl

Hamav suûty shoobyaa vuchhun vont sôdaras  
Chhi mâts zindagee aâna mânzy aâna haavaan  
Rabaabas galath naav thovukh kunukh swokh  
Yi bedil chhu baaze dilûky daâdy baavaan

Kadas Laâli hândis kadûr kâr zamaanan  
Davun môth na Majloona sund Najada vanas  
Yémee saanyi butaraâts pèthy pòk Halaakoo  
Yâhây Haâfizas mas baraan aâs pyaalas

Kanyan manz chhi tshyaph hyath mwolûly laal aasaan  
Kunee ranga kar khâts swonzal aasamaanas  
Chhu yath lanji pyaþh kaav shwonganuk karaan sanz  
Tâtee nyëndri bulbul tulaan bostaanas

Chhi yath aalamas aâðaran êkhtêlaafûch  
Azal sheena baalaah abad taapa kaalaah  
Vanas manz chhi paadar sùhûny graz hakeekat  
Panun mad chhu haranas ditsûn shokh ðaalaah

Dilo yuthna bâly daamanas laad hyaavakh  
Chhi baagas andar rang barangy zaâts poshan  
Ma kar khaana bândee subaah shaam vakhtas  
Gahe losi akhtaab gahi zoon roshan

## THE FLOOD AND THE BANK

If the spring breeze is in haste again  
And hyacinths now too leave by stealth,  
Don't despair, O heart! don't sigh in vain  
Feeling an illusion has faded away.

Mercurial are the moods of restless nature!  
The breeze stirs, the lamp expires, night ends, dawn breaks.  
Even now midwinter lay stretched in his shroud,  
And now scented spring tells us that blushing June is near!

Should one use poles to plumb the sea? Mad life  
Reveals glimpses of hidden realities.  
The seemingly inanimate *rabaab* often echoes the heart's  
anguish;  
Those who give it another name, barter their peace away.

The world remembers both Leila's loveliness  
And Majnu's mad raving in the desert of Najd.  
This same earth over which Hulagu swept  
Also poured out wine for the gentle Hafiz.

Precious rubies lie concealed in stones;  
And many are the hues the rainbow shows.  
The crow builds his nest for sleep on the very bough  
From where the bulbul awakens the flowers.

The very basis of life is diversity;  
Eternal have been sunshine and snow;  
As real in the forest is the tiger's roar  
As the youthful deer bounding for joy.

O heart, be free, not circumscribed,  
For flowers in a garden are variegated.  
Don't divide time into morning and evening,  
For when the sun sets, the moon shines bright.

Agar lol prazlaavi phonoos zahanüky  
 Judaâyee chhi husnuk mulaakaat baasaan  
 Agar zan yupis manz bwoṭhik khaab vwotalan  
 Matsar zindagee hōnd karaamaat baasaan

Agar rāṭ na yambürzalav praaranüch khwoy  
 Bōmbur zinda thaavaan chhu sontüch révaayat  
 Agar zan harud aasi sozaañ vandas say  
 Dāzith bonyi rātsharaan chhi grēshmuk amaanat

Vōñ gav chon haavas ta shoküch sharaafat  
 Dilo tath chhi āshküky yim atvaar praavüny  
 Mē gōb baasi raatul tsē sahrüch tulüny kath  
 Bū vwoṭh laayi naaras tsē gul mushkanaavüny

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With love brightening the lamp of imagination,  
One finds union in separation too.  
If one can hope for the bank in a flood,  
The miracle of life seems passing strange.

If the narcissi have not learnt to wait,  
The black bee observes the rites of spring;  
And if autumn sends its earnest to winter,  
The burning chenar still treasures summer's trust.

As for your desires and chastening your passion —  
For that, O heart! learn to acquire love's modes:  
When I find night oppressive, you must talk of the dawn;  
I leap into the glen, you give fragrance to flowers.

Hulagu — A descendant of Chengiz Khan who devastated large areas  
of Asia and reduced Iraq to a desert by destroying its canals.  
Hafiz — Persian mystic poet.





## VISHWA NATH VISHWAS

b. 1926

Born at Sopor. Studied upto the Matriculation, after which he was appointed a teacher. Started writing in 1948. Most of his poems have been published in journals. Literary influences: Nadim and the Russian authors.

# ANAADY HAÄNZ

## I

Ithakány chhuy dyaka phwolavun baasan  
Traay vuṭhan hānz chhay asavūny hish  
Kathi tala chhus raavaan amapōz  
Zaani khwodaa kam gul phōlaraavakh

Vuchh saā khabarūy chhay karanaavyaa  
Yath kwoli tez bahaav chhu kath kun  
Kath kun chhay karanaav tsē khaarūny  
Ath kotaah chhuy taakat laagun

Hōl gaṇḍ cheera hyamath kar taamat  
Phuchmātsi naavi chhu mānzilas vaatun  
Zor kārith jabroothaa haāvith  
Zima chhay naav bārūts bōṭh khaarūny

Vwony ta kaḍūth luka naav tsē paanay  
Nabzas nabzas chhuy hyas thaavun  
Kala maa kaḍi kunyi ōbra lōngaah hyoo  
Vaava lathaa hish maa kunyi traavyas

Khooris yuth na tsalee thaph neerith  
Yuth na ḍalee khwor hamatul laāgith  
Yuth na sanyar ḍeeshith dil raavee  
Graayan yuth na yi naav tsū laagakh

Gwoḍa chhee ratsa phāly atha khwor aāvily  
Vuchh kath kaaras paan tsē loguth  
Ati shooban atha traṭa pholaadūky  
Khor gatshan pātharis vuzanaavūny

## THE FOOLISH BOATMAN

### I

Your countenance seems cheerful,  
A smile playing on your lips;  
But the way you talk fills me with doubt —  
God knows where you'll lead us!

O ferryman, be sure you know  
Which way this stream is racing down,  
How you can save your ferry boat  
And what strength this task demands.

Gird your loins! Courage now!  
This leaking boat must reach the goal.  
Do your job with might and skill  
And steer this boat to the bank.

Since your boat is on the waves,  
You'll have to watch with every pulse;  
A flake of cloud may rear its head  
And the wind's kick make it burst.

Firm must be your hold on the oar,  
Firm your feet when you push with the pole;  
When you find it's deep, your heart shouldn't sink,  
Leaving the boat a prey to the waves.

With your hands so small and feet so soft,  
I wonder why you chose this job  
Which calls for hands of the firmest steel  
And feet whose tread would shake the earth.



## II

Tse nam naavi rōṭuth nyabarūy kun  
Vath hay baāly ta yōt kōt laāgith  
Buthi maa laagakh asi vwonda manzaras  
Dokhay maa aās traay vuṭhan hānz

Tse zaalaah hyoo aabas trovuth  
O ta tsū maa chhukh gaāḍan draamut  
Heela kārith luka naav tsē kādṭhan  
Manz dariyaavas loguth zaalaah

Haānzāa nazar thāvūth gaāḍan kun  
Khoodis tshūn thaph vunyi chhuy aadan  
Pōt hyōt naavi lamun gūthi suūtyan  
Asi lāy gatshni dilan dubaraaray

Aalav saāny gatshaan chhee kāny pāty  
Mula tala kal chhay āthy zaalas kun  
Chaanyi diluk var asi maa ḍeshov  
Nata kus lagihe yath sāhlaabas

Āchh tul thōd vūchh vaara nabas kun  
Vaava mushak hyoo hargaah traavee  
Hargaah kār maa naagakaāny davaa hish  
Vijavavaan zan kōḍ vaashaa hyoo

Hosh tsē maa ḍalanay kūṭa haānzāa  
Zaal tsalee maa atha manza vyasarith  
Zaal valee maa garzuk soda  
Garza matsar maa kharee daaras.

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## II

Why is this boat now outward bound  
When our course along the bank should be?  
Will you have us caught in a whirlpool now,  
And was that smile put on as guile?

What's it you've now flung o'er the waves?  
O, it's for fishing that you've come!  
Pretending to ferry a crowded boat  
You started, and midstream cast a net!

O boatman, your eyes are fixed on the fish!  
But grab your oar! There still is time.  
The current is forcing the boat turn back,  
And our hearts are beating wild with fear.

You turn a deaf ear to our cries,  
For the net absorbs your heart and soul!  
Had we only guessed your evil plans,  
We'd not have landed in this plight.

Look up and scan the sky with care.  
*Mushk* may well be on his way,  
Or *Naagakon* just race along,  
*Vijavaav* may only yawn and stretch —

You will quail, O foolish boatman!  
The net may slip out of your hands:  
Greed may weave a web around you  
And have you hoisted on the gallows!

Mushk, Naagakon, Vijavaav — three different directional winds, considered dangerous for boats, particularly in the Wular Lake.



## VASUDEV REH

b. 1926

Born at Sopor. Became blind in infancy. Has been practising as a *hakeem*, diagnosing merely by feeling the pulse. Started writing in the 50's and came into prominence in the 60's with the publication of his collected poems *Shab Gard*. His diction is like Zinda Kaul's. Though he is blind and has only a vague sense of landscape, his visual images are most accurate.



## SHAB GARUD

Maane booziv yiman kalaaman hoshaa hosh  
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh  
Daay mè yee dyun khaasan aaman hoshaa hosh  
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

He vùchh saà myaány bèdaàree aakhùr maa twohi taar  
diyav

Path brònh vùchhinay nyandùr agar traàviv thapalis  
maa aar yiyav

Vumri sòmbrovmut raaviva ratsh khand kaànsi agar  
vyastaar yiyav

He vunyi maa chhi kàmee badnaaman hoshaa hosh  
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Myon sadaa gav khaális baayav hosh habaa hushyaar  
habaa

Yath samsaaras naahamvaaras chaara dinas chhuna  
taar habaa

Kyaazi rachhun aaraam chhu tava kiny aaraamas  
chhuna vaar habaa

Yuth na hyamùts hònd traàviv daaman hoshaa hosh  
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Yina saà aalav myon gatshiva kàny pàty ta yi boozith  
mashiraàviv

Yina saà panun àzyuk yaa pagahuk soñchun bèyinüy  
pyath traàviv

Yina sàny tsooras deenas darmas driyan ta kasman  
kan thaàviv

Mwokhsar thàvzi nazar anjaaman hoshaa hosh  
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Yina kana ðol diyiv krakh boozith, raay gatshév asi  
kyaa saà he

Yina zaàniv yi chhu par aalav, àsy paan rachhav, asi  
kyaa saà he

## THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

My cry every evening is 'Beware!'  
And when I say 'Beware!' I mean what I say.  
It's my caution to you all, young and old,  
When every evening I cry out 'Beware!'

My vigils, O my friends, are not enough to see you through.  
If you yield to careless slumber, no thief will hesitate,  
But with the slightest chance will take whatever you  
have saved;  
And there's no dearth of knaves, beware!

I only cry, 'O brothers, wake up and beware!'  
In this uneven world, you've to struggle to your end.  
If you'd secure your peace, surely now's not the time  
for rest!

Do not let go the skirt of courage, beware!

Do not take it lightly when you hear my call.  
You shouldn't let others plan your present and your future.  
Have no faith in robbers' oaths, their duty and their creed.  
In short, think of what may happen, beware!

When you hear my cry, don't say, 'What's it to me?'  
Don't treat it as an alien voice and say, 'What's it to me?'

Yaamath kaañh gatshi naaraah dith, yina twohi baasyava  
 asi kyaasaa he  
 Myaany yéhay krakh shahran gaaman hoshaa hosh  
 Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Zari hanaa vakh krooth hasaa vùchh saa taamath  
 kyaah kari insaan  
 Vuchh saa yee maa rozi dōhay yi chhu doraah ath kyaah  
 kari insaan  
 Thaph thwos héyi path paanay sōt sōt, nyath rozyaa  
 kath, kyaah kari insaan  
 Baayav hosh yiman ayaaman hoshaa hosh  
 Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Bahraalti ta shury hwoka chee chee yina yaaro mismaar  
 gatshiva  
 Naala ràtyoon yi yovun, vakh yina atha manza raaviva,  
 phyaar gatshiva  
 Sarphas been gatshiva yina par krakh, nahka yuth na  
 karaar gatshiva  
 Yina reh zaaliva maharényi khaaban hoshaa hosh  
 Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

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When someone starts a fire, don't say, 'What's it to me?'  
That's what I shout in town and village, beware!

The time is slightly out of joint; how can one set it right?  
Though this can't remain for ever, it's a phase one cannot  
change.

Brigandage will slowly cease, but God knows what'll be left.  
Beware, O brother, these times, beware!

O friends, save the toy houses you as children built in play.  
Hold fast to the present time; to let it slip is folly.  
Don't rest when the pipe calls the snake; it's not a foreign  
sound.

See that the flame doesn't burn the bride's dreams, beware!



## YATH CHHU SÄHLAAB YIVAVUN

Yi dyut aabshaarav sadaa sòm ta sanavun  
Vakhat chhavunuy gav labun mánzila praavun  
Agar nay vuchhith hee tsé lavaháts prabaatan  
Na prazanaavahán shabnamuk srèh na shraavun

Agar myaàny zyav thaavanuk skok aasee  
Agar myaàny paàthen tsü vaatakh dōlaaban  
Vachhas manz thavakh thòkmutüy myon hyoo dil  
Hèchhakh paana vyagálith pazar sholanaavun

Agar zan na yaaras ta yaaras amaarüch  
Vanan sapni man akh ákis aalanaavan  
Chhu kyaah path yi hénze ta hury maánzi raàtsan  
Siriph maánzi pan aàdarith mandachhaavun

Siphat vuchh mè aabas ta kuümáth sharaabas  
Kibûr dolatas poshivun baav lolas  
Chhè zoraavaree haajatas shoob hisharas  
Ta yee nazri yun gav zagath parzanaavun

Mè vaaraah vönuy yath chhu sählaab yivavun  
Yi zaanakh ti kar vakh ma raavar kadam tul  
Pàzis hól vuchhuth, saath gav, vuchh havaah dól  
Khabar kus nabuk ruûph pèyi aazmaavun

Chhunaa kaànsi zan zol mas naara taavan  
Gàyas kaanh kathaa ruûph rovus ta volyav  
Agar zan na ami saata ròchh jaar yaaran  
Ti gav daag dith maayi mwol raavaraavun

Vuchhiv naala ràt pomparan rèh, ta bulbul  
Panun paan gav phuläyi dith, shok chhovun  
Yi gav jaanavar paàthy vaatun iraadan  
Tamaah rut karun paan dith naav thaavun

## A FLOOD IS COMING

The waterfalls declare in deep, sustained tones:  
To live every moment is to find your goal.  
If you don't see jessamine dew-drenched at dawn,  
You'll never know midsummer or the dew's tender passion.

Should you desire to have a voice like mine,  
Have a heart that shrinks from no experience,  
Enter and resolve tangled complexities. You'll learn  
That you yourself must melt to make truth blaze.

If true love does not bind two souls,  
Who each to each unfold their minds,  
Then why these festive hymeneal songs?  
It's just putting to shame poor henna paste!

I know the world, for I have seen  
The tyranny of want, grace in equality,  
The pride of wealth, love's enduring bond,  
Mere expense in wine, virtue in water.

I've often warned you that a flood is coming.  
Lose no time! Keep moving on! You can no longer  
Wink at truth; the times have changed!  
God knows what heaven's new form we'll face tomorrow!

Imagine someone's face distorted with wild anguish,  
As if a strong fire were singeing his hair,—  
If a friend doesn't save him in this hour,  
Stained and worthless is his love indeed!

See the moth clings to the flame; the bulbul  
Finds bliss offering his life to the blossoms!  
This is how birds attain their goal —  
Lofty the aim and the path self immolation.



## MUZAFFAR AZIM

b. 1934

Born at Gotlipura, Gulmarg. Educated at Srinagar where he passed the B Sc examination in 1955. Has been in Govt service ever since and is at present in the Govt Silk Factory, Srinagar. Started writing in Kashmiri in 1953. Has published his poems under the title *Zolaana*. Attended the National Symposium of Poets held by the All India Radio. Won the State Academy award in 1964.



# RUBAĀYEE

Vwolur os graayi maaraan tshaayi  
 hōl byooṭhus bū shēhjaaras  
 Dādūr khāts aasmaanas kun  
 mōdur loluk taraanaah hyath  
 Amaaran josh hyoo dyutnam  
 dilūch dubraay tezeyam  
 Bū zan aamut sharaabuk akh  
 sōdūr deeshith ta baanaah chyath

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## QUATRAIN

I lay reclined in the cool shade,  
As I saw Wular's dancing waves.  
A *didür* heavenwards took his flight,  
Singing sweet songs of love.  
The embers of my passion glowed,  
My heart beat loud and fast,  
As if I had seen an ocean of wine,  
And drunk there hard and deep.

Didür — the Himalayan tree creeper.



## GHULAM NABI KHAYAL

b. 1936

Born at Shala Mohalla in Srinagar. Studied in Islamia High School, Srinagar. Wrote in Urdu till 1954. Was appointed News Reader in Radio Kashmir in 1956. Arrested in the Hazratbal agitation in 1958. Translated Omar Khayyam in jail. Employed in the Research Section of the Cultural Academy in 1959. Editor of the Plebiscite Front weekly, *Mahaaz* in 1964. Later, started the weekly, *Kaashur Vatan*. Edits now the Urdu weekly, *Iqbal*. Literary influences: the English Romantic poets. Has published *Zanjoori hōnd Saaz*, *Paraagaash*, *Zoon Taarakh* (stories for children) and *Gaashūry Manaar* (critical essays). Has translated from Greek and Persian.



SHAMAA TA SHAAYIR

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## THE POET AND THE LAMP

Wrapped in night's shadowy veils, the sun dropped  
 behind that hill,  
 And the crimson glow of the evening sky began to fade  
 away.

The trees stand dumb; the birds have now retired to  
their nests.

Solitude stretches itself; loneliness plumes its wings.

The solitary light burning on the top of Sulaiman

Is like a will-o'-the-wisp lying in wait for wayfarers.

The mountains look like deserted, unshrouded corpses,

The moon like one in a swoon in a haze-covered starry sky.

Silence has sealed all music, and hushed lies every voice

But for the owl's hoots that assail my ears from every side.

Time moves with tired feet; dusk has not changed to night,

And wild despair grips one's soul, for dawn seems far away.

I'd give my life for you, O lamp! for having brought me  
light,

A balm for heart's sore wounds, a hope that I will meet  
my love.

Though burning is your destiny, for you chose it at  
your birth,

The moths that are dancing round your flame will  
forsake you when it's out.

This is the way the world goes, but it shouldn't warp your soul.

Wind and storm seek your life as the world's spears  
are aimed at mine.

Namrood was destined to be king, Socrates to drink the  
the poisoned cup,

Farhad fruitlessly to dig a canal for milk to flow.

Humy khaamkaaran jaam tul yemy aashkan talkhaaba  
chyav  
Huth malguzaaras phöly chaman yath poshi baagas ðoṭh  
pyav  
Kam gulbadan khaakas raley shinyaah baney kam  
khaana tay  
Samsaara kis ath gardishas chhapi lágy syaṭhaah  
jaanaana tay  
Kama ðoli yéti ðolaan vuchham kath maánzi ðeethum  
rab gatshaan  
Gaah áchh distam taarakh ányim gaah òsh kunum  
shabnam hyótum  
Sanyiran vöthus vóganyan khótus gindunaah kórum  
dòh dòh kòḍum  
Yemy paam kataküchi zooni tháv mè chhu az ti deedan  
tal su rwoy  
Mè chhé az ti deedan tal swo tan ywosa aána pòṭ hish  
aaba jwoy  
Mè chhu az ti támysund sarvi kad istaada thaavaan  
haavasan  
Mè chhi az ti támysünza harana áchh mas pyaala  
chaavaan haavasan  
Tamahan agar samahüy sapud haàsil na kèñh maatam  
kàrith  
Lalavun gulaabas daage dil lalavaan magar tshwopadam  
kàrith  
Yi chhi zindagee azalay yitshüy gaah soñta vaavüch  
graay hish  
Mosum dilüch dubaraay hish tas yaara sünz pòt tshaay hish  
Yi chhi zindagee azalay yitshüy gaah zahara börmüt  
jaam hish  
Vati pyaṭh sademüts laash hish yemi jelkhanuk shaam  
hish



I've seen wine for the worthless flow, true zeal  
rewarded with bitterness,  
Flowers in the graveyard bloom and hail destroy the  
bowers.  
What lovely forms are dust, how many houses desolate!  
How many young men gathered by the mortal scythe of  
Time!

O how many are palanquin-borne only to desolation,  
Bright henna changed to dull mud on their hands!

My eyes have ached to see the stars, and I've paid for  
the dew with my tears.

My days are spent here plunging into the deeps  
and shoals of thought.

But ever floats before my eyes the face that shames  
the Kartik moon,

That body lovely like the mirror-clear stream,

That cypress stature which keeps alive my flame,

Those fawn's eyes at which I've drunk goblets of wine.

O what use is it to cry when dreams were strangled young!  
The dawn of life has come, and she does it silently.

The tulip nurses the wound in his heart: he does it silently.

O life, with your changing moods of the spring breeze,

The impulsive beating of an innocent heart, the grace  
of one's love!

You are also the poison-filled cup, a corpse decaying on the road,

An evening in this jail.





## MOTI LAL SAQI

b. 1936

Born at Mahanoor, Badgam. Educated in Srinagar. Passed the B A examination in 1965. Started writing in 1952. Literary influences: Nadim and the English Romantic poets. Drawn towards the Cultural Congress during its last phase. Published his poems under the title *Mōdiury Khaab*. Has also published a collection of Kashmiri folk songs, *Kaashiry Luka Baith* (4 vols). Works in the Ministry of Agriculture. Was for some time on the staff of Radio Kashmir in the Rural Programme section. Is also on the editorial staff of *Saman Bal*.

# SAHRA PYATHA SUBAH TAAM

Thākith yēli raat pēyi kōha taali pāty kiny  
Sangarmaalav buthis hyōt noor chhaavun  
Havaavan hyōt vanan manz saaz vaayun  
Palav hyōt aabi Koīsara paan naavun

Gyavun hyōt veri subahūchi zora aaran  
Yi zan hyōt maaji kwochhi manz laala saavun  
Gatshni lāgy braānty raatas pananyi motūky  
Yuthuy hyōt taarakav tañzi ñer thaavun

Yuthuy gaashan gātis kār laar and kun  
Rēhaa hish paāda gāyi ufkas rwokhas pyaṭh  
Yi ñeeshith gaasha taarūky kaār nōmraāv  
Yi zan prūtsha gaari kaañh aamut dwokhas pyaṭh

Nazar yaamat pēyam mwokhtay ñalan kun  
Phōlum dil aashi hyōt praagaash traavun  
Vuchhith subahuk yi rang gav me khayaalaah  
Yi maa draamūts Zuvalmaal tshal karith az

Rasul Meeras tāmīs os vaada thaavun  
Hayaatas bosh khōt insaan prazalyav  
Tavay mashrik chhu navi nooruk payambar  
Phwolaan yiyi subhūkee paāṭhy zindagaānee

ā : pertain	aa : bird	e : male	é : met
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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य		tsh : aspirate of ts	

## DAYBREAK

As the tired night sank behind the mountain,  
Young dawn put radiance on his face;  
The morning breeze played soft tunes on forest trees;  
Boulders bathed in Kaunsar waters;  
The streams sang softly morning songs  
Like mothers singing lullabies  
To tender infants in their arms.

The night beheld its death draw near;  
The stars in a row packed up their goods  
As light chased darkness from the sky,  
A flame appeared on the eastern hill;  
The morning star bent low his head  
And departed, like some one in grief.

As I looked at the lakes of pearls,  
My heart bloomed, hope radiating light.  
Seeing the morning's splendour, I felt  
That Zuval Maal had come by stealth  
To keep her tryst with Rasul Meer.  
The east was the prophet of the coming light,  
And gentle nature seemed to say  
That life would be like the flowering dawn.

Kaunsar waters — The Kaunsar Nag is a mountain lake on the  
northern side of the Banihal range.  
Zuval Maal — one of the names given by the poet Rasul Meer to his  
beloved.





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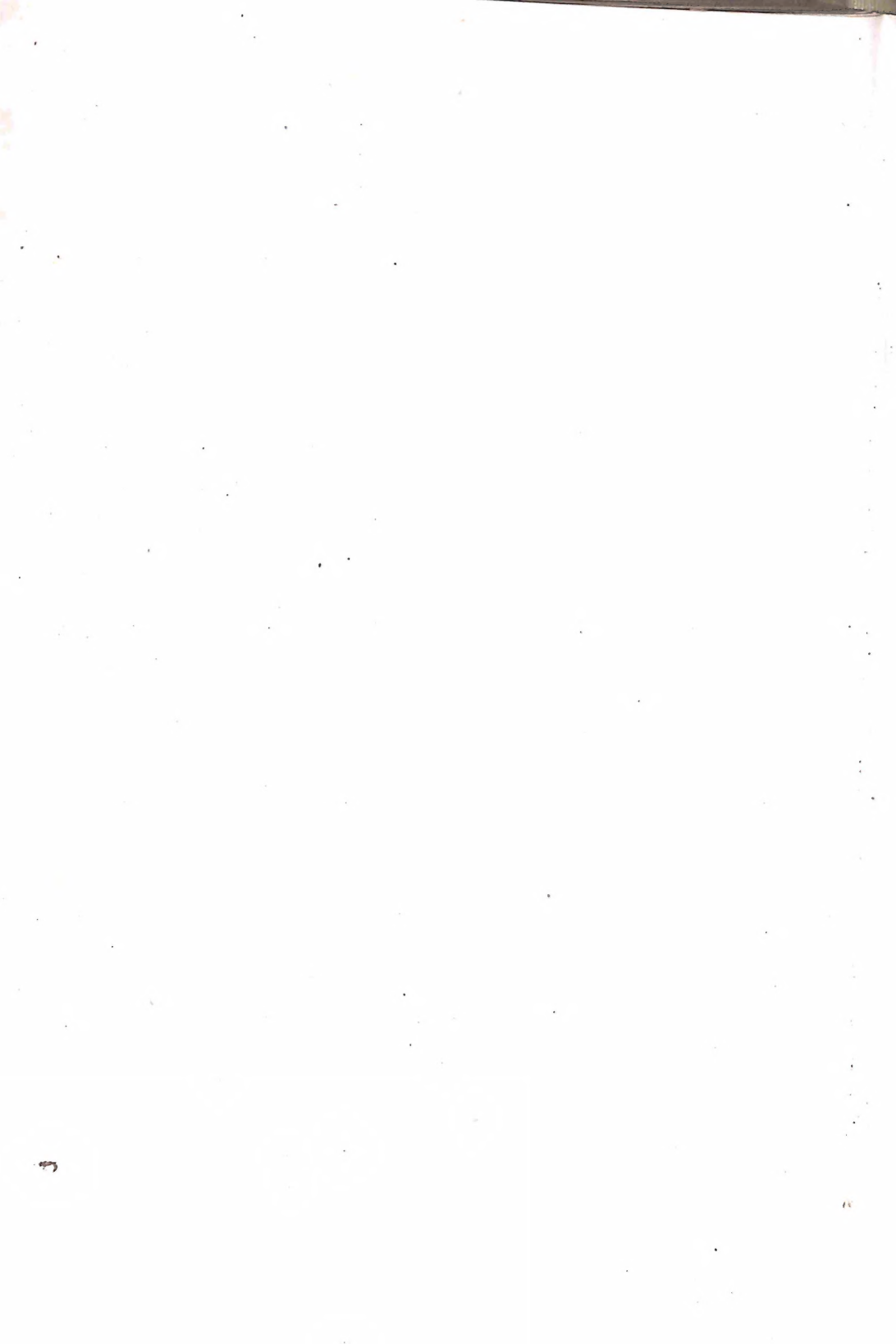


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**TRILOKINATH RAINA** (b. 1922) is Reader in English at the National Defence Academy, Khadakvasla. Earlier, he taught English language and literature at S. P. College, Srinagar and the Universities of Banaras and Saugor. He was sent by the Government of India on deputation to Ethiopia from 1961 to 1964 as Professor of English in the Haile Selassie I Military Academy, Harar. His translations from the Kashmiri have been published from time to time in the *The Visvabhartri Quarterly*, *Poetry India* and *Poetry Eastwest*. He was invited by the PEN to read a paper on 'Kashmiri Poetry since Independence' at the 8th All-India Writers' Conference at Chandigarh. His book reviews have been broadcast from all India Radio, Poona.

The years between 1930 and 1960 were a period of turbulence and of great national and international importance with changes of a far-reaching consequence taking place all over the world. These three decades may rightly be called, as Prof. Raina has done, the 'formative years of modern Kashmiri Poetry', for it is during these years of experiment and transition after well over fifty years of somnolence that the modern age in Kashmiri literature was born.

Literature is a great force for global understanding and good will, and translations are of very great importance in promoting this understanding among various linguistic groups. The need for an anthology of Kashmiri poetry which would acquaint the outside reader with modern trends in our literature was long felt, and I must appreciate Prof. Raina's effort in this direction. He deserves appreciation not only for his excellent translations but also for his judicious selection of the poems and the objective analysis of this period of turmoil and exuberance that he has given in the Introduction.

**GHULAM MOHAMMAD SADIQ**